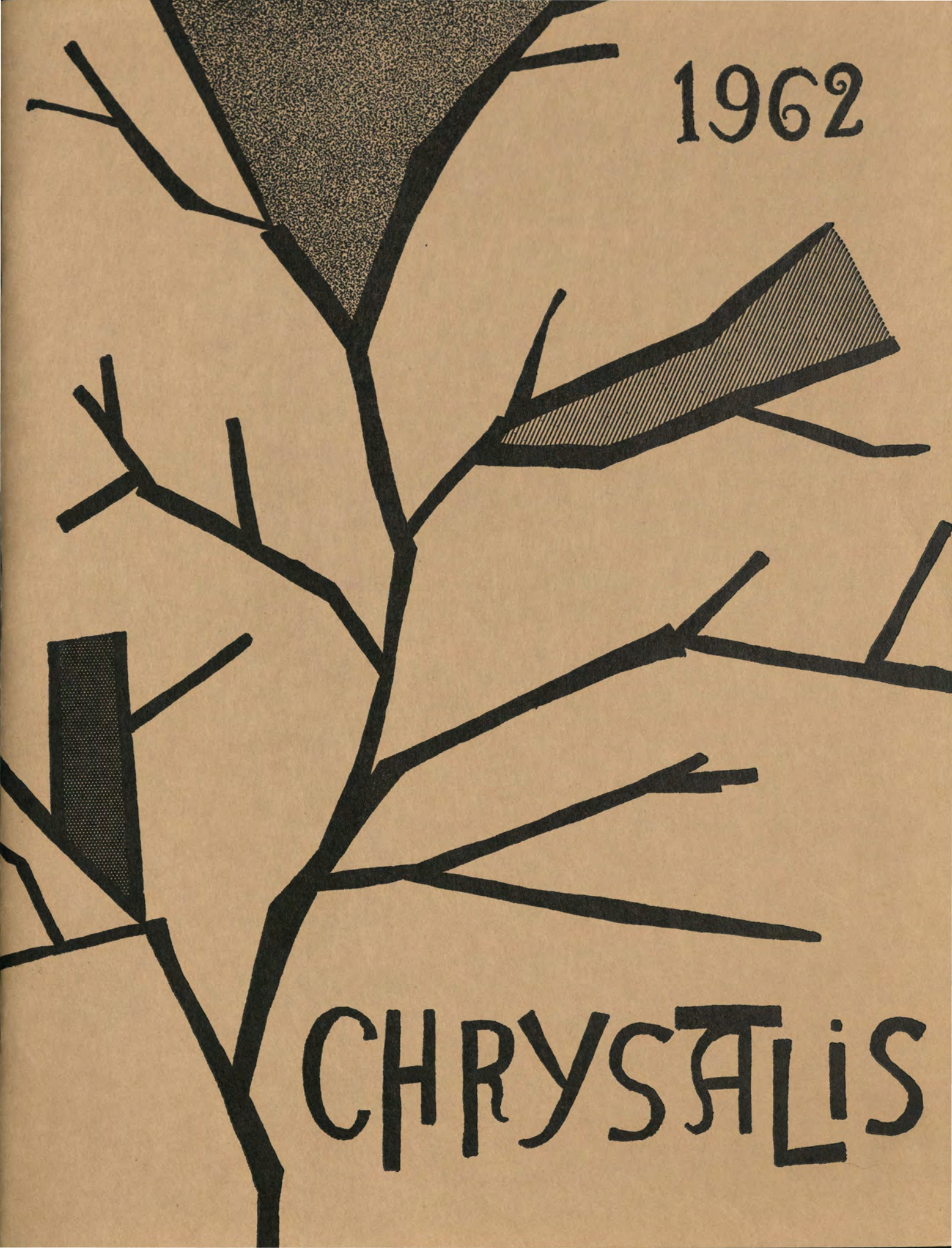


1962



CHRYSTALIS

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We are pleased to announce with this issue the winners of Criterion Club's 1962 Creative Writing Contest.

First place winner of the Rinehart Award is Charlotte Wootten for her poem "Easter: A Chocolate Egg" (p. 5). She also won second place for her poem "Sonnet 3" (p. 32).

Honorable mention goes to Maryann Franzoni for her poem "Chartered Bus" (p. 31) and her short story "Megan" (p. 14) and to Carol Ann Rowzie for her short story "The University" (p. 26).

We wish to thank Dr. Curtis, Mr. Fodaski, Mr. Leigh, Dean Meek, and Mr. Sterling for acting as judges.

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Chrysalis

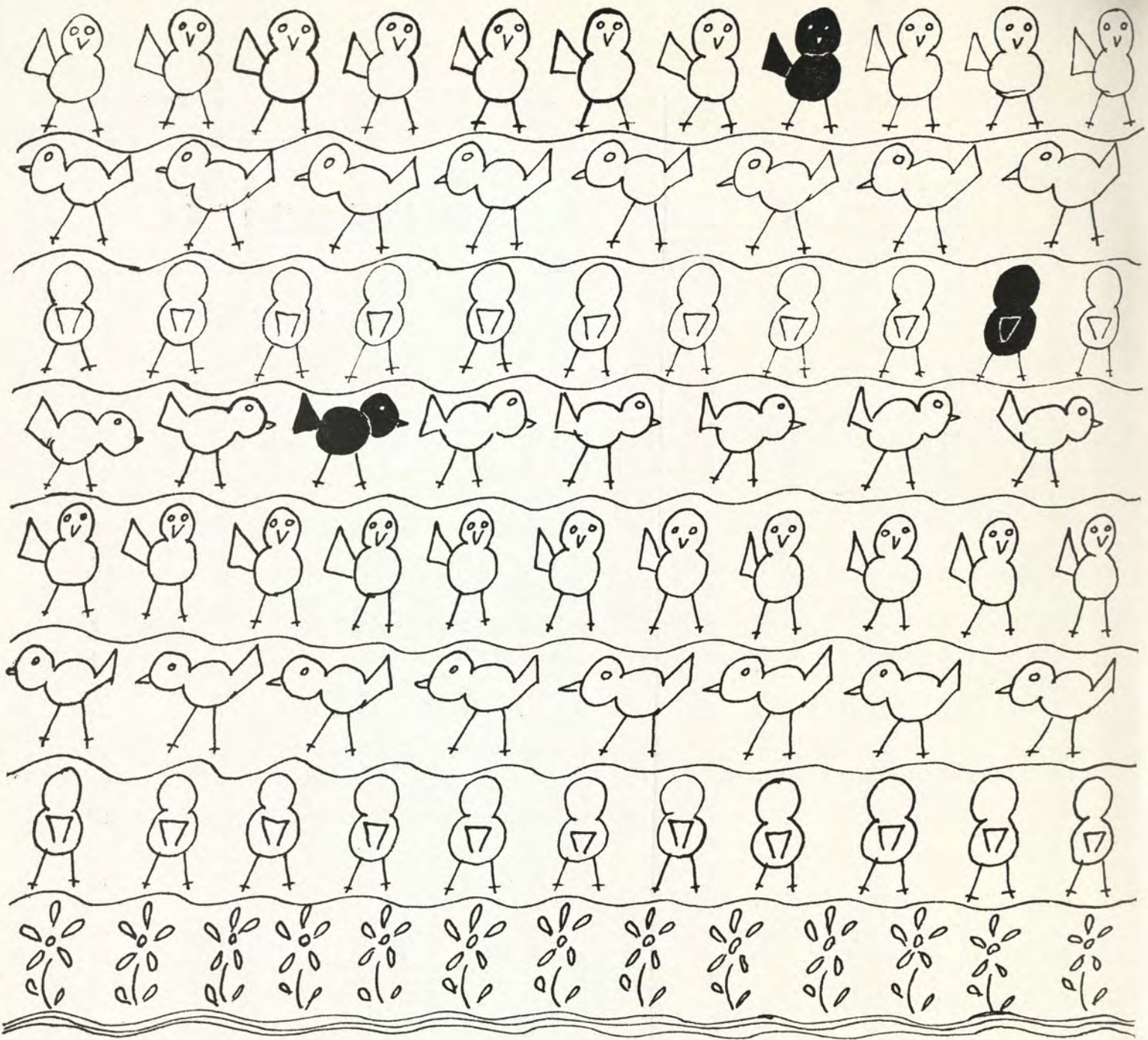
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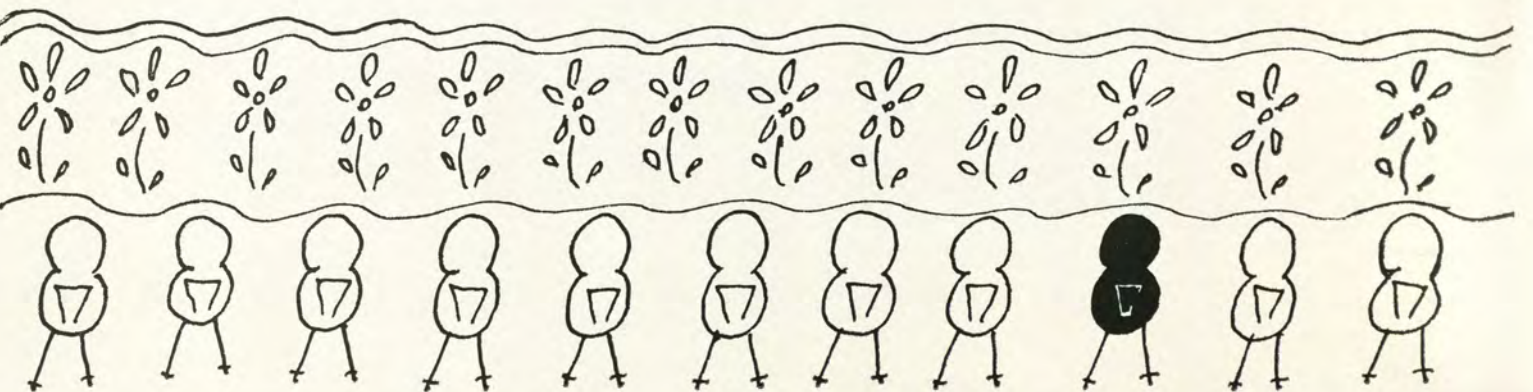
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SUMMERTIME



It was as hot as July could get without being sluggish and dead. I mean, it was a nice kind of hot. Nobody was wearing shoes. Well, Mom, always wears shoes, winter or summer; but she is o. k. and knows that grass and dirt feel good to bare feet in July. We sat on the front steps where the walk goes down to the road dividing the long row of boxwoods that line the front lawn. All three of us just sat there. I studied my toe nails, thinking all that dirt would never come out. Jackie got little round pebbles and tried to make them bounce on the street. Marty blew on a piece of grass; and when it wouldn't whistle anymore, she chewed on it. We all watched the house in front of ours, trying to pretend all the time we didn't care if it were there or not.

Pretty soon, a black Chevrolet pulled up in front of that house. I knew it was a Chevrolet because I'd heard Dad and Mr. Jones argue, or rather, discuss, as Dad says, whether a Chevrolet (which Mr. Jones has) is better than a Ford (which we have). We watched Mr. Jones get out of the Chevrolet and hurry up the walk, a bag of groceries under each arm. Soon another Chevrolet drove up in front of the Joneses' house. Marty sucked on her blade of grass. I found a little stick and dug at the dirt under my toe nails.

It was the Frisbys. We didn't need to look up. We hardly knew Mr. and Mrs. Frisby. I mean, they're sorta in another world which grown-ups won't share with us kids. Their two children were the ones we wanted to see. Alice Frisby and Junior Frisby. Marty chewed on her blade of grass, then said as she spat out the green bits, "She has on a dress!"

Dotty and Cathy and Bobby Jones came running from the house to greet their cousins who only came to visit them once a year. Bobby and Junior ran into the house screaming something about a new baseball glove. Dotty, Cathy, and Alice linked arms and strolled in the direction of the Joneses' play-house.

Then Marty reached over and hit me for no reason at all. I scowled at her. The thoughts of playing together with no interruptions from the Joneses for a whole week weren't too good. I gave Marty a double scowl.

We knew that before the week was over, we would have our annual battle with the Frisbys and the Joneses, and Mrs. Jones would talk politely to Mom about why we couldn't get along when the cousins came to visit. "Heaven only knows," she always said, "what would happen if any more children moved into this street." Mom would reply politely that she couldn't understand it either. Perhaps the children (not her own) needed to be talked to. And Mrs. Jones would say very politely that she and Mrs. Frisby agreed. Then they would politely not speak until about a week after the Frisbys left.

Marty, Jackie, and I don't quite understand grown-ups. We expected a big fight when the Frisbys came; but as soon as their car pulled away,

we hurried down to the sandlot with the three Joneses. They were o.k. as soon as their cousins left.

Last year we staged a big rock-throwing battle. Marty, Jackie, and I gathered our supply of rocks for ammunition and lay on our stomachs behind the row of boxwoods. The Joneses didn't have boxwoods, so they had to come out in the open and fight. Bobby Jones is a darn good rock thrower, though; and with his experience in knocking birds from telephone wires, we wouldn't have a chance if the boxwoods weren't there. It was wonderful. Marty threw big handfuls of rocks that scattered into the air, landing mostly on our heads. Just like a girl. I picked up mine one at a time and hit Bobby a couple of good ones. The Frisbys loved it too. Alice Frisby was the biggest tomboy that ever was. I mean, she climbed trees and did "skin-the-cat" faster than most boys. She didn't wear dresses, then, only blue-jeans.

The Joneses and Frisbys and Mom and Dad didn't seem to be watching all the time the rock battle was going on, but as soon as Junior got hit, he ran into the house, and Mrs. Jones was in front of our boxwoods, screaming about barbarians and morons. Then Mom came out and said if she (Mrs. Jones) would keep her children out of the street, they wouldn't get into trouble. We ran for the backyard and climbed up in the maple tree till the shouting ended. It was choice, until we got the spankings. I mean, it was a great rock battle. Bobby said it was more fun than knocking the birds off any day.

Well, that's how it went. The Frisbys came every year and every year there was a battle. One year we found a huge mud puddle and had a mud fight. Boy, did Mom and Mrs. Jones ever fight about that one. Dad said the telephone wires were burned up after their conversation, but I checked to make sure. It was just an expression.

Something told me this year was going to be different. I think I knew it when Marty noticed the dress Alice Frisby had on. I mean, Marty dresses like Jackie and me, almost. Jeans and t-shirts and maybe tennis shoes. So when Marty noticed the dress, I knew something was in the air.

The afternoon the Frisbys came we took jars of bubble soap out into the front yard and blew bubbles that floated out into the street. Pretty soon, Alice and Junior, Bobby and Dotty and Cathy came out with bubble soap and blew bubbles that floated around with our bubbles. We blew harder and harder. They blew harder and harder. We didn't speak. We never spoke when the Frisbys came. Pretty soon all the bubble soap was gone, so we just drifted away. It wasn't worth starting a battle over.

The next day Alice, Cathy, and Dotty pushed baby carriages up and down the street while Marty and I sat on the front steps between the boxwoods. Jackie was playing with Mac, our dog. Sometimes Jackie didn't even care that the Frisbys were there. Junior and Bobby were nowhere in sight.

Marty chewed on her lower lip, then she untied and tied her tennis shoes, then she frowned darkly. We didn't talk. Pretty soon those silly girls stopped right in front of our steps and said, "Miss Harris, would you care to take your baby strolling with us?" They didn't blink an eye. I mean, even Dotty Jones didn't twitter and giggle for once. I nearly choked. I looked at Marty out of the corner of my eye. To my horror, she stood up and replied, "Thank you, ladies. Please wait until I get my child from the nursery." Then she hitched up her blue-jeans and walked slowly toward the house.

I didn't even know Marty had a doll! I sat in shocked silence while the four of them strolled up and down the street, talking baby talk, comparing formulas, and planning teas. Marty! I couldn't believe my eyes. I mean, Marty doesn't know a doll from a hole in the ground.

I went in search of Jackie. We lay on our backs in the warm grass, silently disowning our sister. Playing with the Frisbys—our mortal enemies.

Well, I don't know who suggested we knock birds from telephone wires. I think it was Jackie, but there we were that same day, all four of us, Bobby, Junior, Jackie, and I, waiting for sparrows and goldfinches to perch and be knocked down or scared away. I mean, Bobby Jones is a good thrower and you don't turn down the chance to match him. Junior Frisby is a pretty good shot too.

At supper, Mom kept screaming, "I can't believe it. I simply can't believe you are actually playing with the Frisbys." Then she called Mrs. Jones and kept screaming over the telephone, "I simply can't believe it."

When she hung up, Dad said maybe we could send this example of harmony to the UN. Then Mom said we were invited to a hamburger fry in the Joneses' backyard the next night. We didn't know what all the excitement was about. I mean, grown-ups are pretty hard to understand.

—Eleanor Gullion

SONNET 4

"A poem should not mean, but be," explained
Mac Leish. I tried again. The meter was
Not right! I hate this sonnet form because
I cannot understand how they refrained
From stopping at the end of lines; restrained
Themselves from dum-de-dum-de-dum. Why does
It takes so long to write this stuff? The buzz
Of thought now racks my brain—How they maintained
Their senses in exasperating times.
My words all look alike. I've forced the rhymes.
So I of this sad effort must make fun
'Cause Willie Shakespeare is at last outdone:
If this be error then upon me spit
And gladly will I say I never writ.

—Charlotte Wootten

RIDDLE

Hang a silver dollar
On a golden tree,
Steal a tiger's collar,
Set the planets free.
Go and buy a dove's tail,
Make the rocks to sing.
Bring a priest from Rochaille,
Forge a plastic ring.
Do these by last Monday
And come back to my gate.
Then I will wed you on the day
When I am eighty-eight.
But on that day and at that year,
Man will be extinct, I fear.

—Maryann Franzoni

Easter:

A CHOCOLATE EGG



Peter Cottontail strikes again . . .
The local grocery has a new approach:
"Dyed eggs for your convenience"
The dress shop offers exotic hats:
"Exciting originals for thirty dollars"
Television sets carry the Easter Parade:
"Beautiful virgins in their satorial elegance"
(keep your knockers up)

Jesus Christ strikes again . . .
Neon signs blink the red-orange message
Cutting into the black night:
Neighborhood theater premieres "Death In the Afternoon"
Coming for thirty days
Faceless strangers stand in the rain
Waiting to enter the door
(hold tight to the admission price)

A Man has an appointment . . .
So he hurries toward the Star Inn
 Stumbling as he reaches for the door
Candle-light casts grotesque shadows
 Flickering as the damp air enters
Three men hover over a table
 Glancing at expensive watches
 (eat a simple meal of bread and wine)

The three stare straight ahead . . .
 The first sits pursing his lips for a kiss
 Remember Gethsemane?
 The second sits stirring the water in the finger bowl
 Remember Barabbas?
 The third sits straining his shoulders under invisible weight
 Remember Calvary?
 (cast the die for thirty cents)

The Man joins the three . . .
He cries for meat
 “Take his order!”
He cries for drink
 “Bring a cool glass of vinegar!”
He cries forever
 “Do not forgive them”

(crucify him for our sins)

Peter Cottontail strikes again . . .
The three men whisper to each other
 "The nails—feel the nail prints."
The lone Man stretches out his hand
 Broken hands covered with chocolate
A great Voice echoes throughout the room
 "Save yourselves next time!"
(wash your hands, Stupid)

—Charlotte Wootten



JAMEY CLARK

Good Jamey Clark, the parson in our town
 Can preach a sermon that will wet the eyes
 Of any hardened sinner. In his gown
 Of black he bows his head and glorifies
 His God. He also teaches Sunday School
 To twenty wriggling youngsters, and they learn
 Their lessons well. It is a common rule
 For him to visit shut-ins and concern
 Himself about his wayward flock, for he
 Would not see a church member fail to reach
 The promised land. Sometimes he toils 'til three
 Upon the weekly sermon he must preach.
 He listens to men's troubles day by day,
 And Sunday night he drinks his cares away.

MARIE

Marie was thought the sweetest girl around;
 The men were always at her home to court.
 So when young Albert won her hand he found
 She was a perfect wife and just the sort
 He'd always dreamed of marrying. She sewed
 His clothes and washed until her tender hands
 Were red. And even when the debts they owed
 Were great, she helped him meet all the demands
 Of their landlord. She nursed him through his ills
 And risked the ills herself in loyalty.
 She held his hand and woke him for his pills;
 He thought there was no truer wife than she.
 She kissed him, tucked him in, and dimmed the light,
 And while he slept she met her love each night.

PUSHOVER

Yes, John Q. Public took him to his heart.
The television stations fawned on him.
And just one good old U. S. dime could buy
His famous story and his photograph.
He stood for virtues (all abstract, of course)
That John Q. only vaguely understood:
His patience, perseverance, bravery,
And hope (perhaps, too, faith and charity),
And freedom—these were passports he possessed.
John Q. could think and talk of nothing else.
Secure at home in front of his warm fire
And with a beer glass ever in his hands,
He patted his fat belly with a sigh.
Revolt, he said, accomplishes great things.
For emphasis, he let his whiskers grow;
He raved about his idol's brilliant plan.
And sympathized with Castro, superman.

If he is asked about his hero now,
John Q. Public covers up his ears,
For John Q. wants to laugh and to forget
The news the daily papers spread abroad—
A smiling face can camouflage a fraud.

RAIN

November showers mildly, gently splash,
And on the need of rain we'll not dissent;
A friend of ours has been a little rash
In cooking up a new experiment,
So now we have not only rain, but ash.
I feel it is not proper nourishment
For homo sapiens to live on trash.
The problem is: to find some punishment.

Perhaps a bomb would show him how we feel,
But bombs are messy and a lot of fuss
And hardly worth the rubble and the pain.
But he has dealt his hand and we must deal.
Would we be deemed as too impetuous
In sending him a little dirty rain?

HUSBAND AT A HEN PARTY

Don't talk so loudly, dear, I cannot hear
The recipe that Mrs. Brown has found
Among the ordinary ones. A mere
Ten minutes and it's done? And it is bound
To draw the "oohs" and "ahs" from everyone.
Yes, Mrs. Kerr, your slip still hangs a bit.
I understand you have a new grandson;
Six pounds? Oh, yes, my wife has taught me how to knit.
I did that afghan on the sofa when
It snowed and she insisted it stay here.
She thought the pink would go well in my den
Where she, the dear, keeps all her sewing gear.
I don't believe I care for any pie.
Besides, that's one less dish I'll have to dry.

STELLA'S HOUSE

She stood in the field looking at the house in the distance. A breeze stirred the leaves on the ground. Involuntarily, she shivered. The compulsion to run away was strong within her, but something seemed to hold her rooted to the spot where she stood.

A light had suddenly come on in the house. Stella was startled. In the darkness the house had not appeared as grotesque. Now with the single light burning, Stella felt that the house represented some monster. It seemed to have come alive. The house seemed to be calling her to it. Stella tried to move backwards but could not. She stepped forward.

The night was no longer pleasantly warm. A strong wind had come up, and the sky was dressed in black clouds.

"Come, come," she imagined she heard the house call.

Resistance she discovered was no good. She could not go back or turn aside; she could only go forward to where the house was waiting for her.

"Come, come."

Stella tried to analyze the sound of the voice. It was not harsh or threatening. There was a hint of a secret promise to it. But she also caught the note of some type of foreign matter.

The front door was directly before her. She gazed long at the house. Never before had she seen anything like it. It consisted of three floors. The first was constructed out of wood, the second out of brick, and the third out of concrete. Then too, she noted that the first floor was the smallest in width, the second a little wider and higher, and the third even larger. She could see no roof. Stella did not question how the wood was able to stand the weight of the other two floors; she only knew that it did.

With surprise and horror, Stella noted that there were no windows on the first level. Maybe, on the other side, she thought trying to assure herself that this could not be. A few minutes later, after walking around the house, she knew that there were no windows.

Raising her eyes to see if the second level of the house had any windows, she discovered that a mist had covered her vision of the second and third level. She felt momentarily despair.

"Come, come. Don't be afraid. You must take this trip."

This time Stella noted some sympathy and also impatience in the voice. She stood a moment longer in front of the door before reaching for the door knob.

Stella seemed to be guided by an unseen hand. There was no time to pause before she had entered into a small room which was ill lit. For a moment her eyes did not focus correctly. All she could see

was a hazy outline of figures moving around the room. Her ears picked up the sound of mumbling voices, but they made no sense. Looking to the left, she saw a bed where a woman was lying. Stella could hear the woman moaning. As Stella came nearer to the bed, the face seemed strangely familiar.

"Mother."

The woman's eyes were on her, but they seemed to go through her without seeing. Stella stared and then moved away. Standing next to the wall, she watched as a child was brought to life. A gasp escaped her lips as she realized that this child was herself.

The hand, the unseen hand, was guiding her again. After passing through a short hallway, Stella entered another room. This time it did not take as long for her eyes to focus. She discovered that this room was a little larger than the last and that a light glowed a little brighter than the other in a corner of the room.

A young girl, perhaps six, was playing on the rug. For moment Stella could not make out what the child was doing. Upon moving closer, Stella saw that the child was drawing in a coloring book. The smile faded away from her lips when Stella observed that the child was not drawing but mutilating the page in the coloring book. What emotion had brought about this surge of anger? Stella leaned over the child to get a better look at the picture. A cow was watching her two calves playing in a meadow. Stella shook her head. But as she made this gesture, a frown creased her young face. Images from the past seemed to return. Staring at the child, Stella realized that again this was she.

"You look so lonely," Stella remarked in a whisper. "Your face is lined with anger and despair. What has done this to you? Little girls should be happy and carefree. But in time you'll forget, little girl." As she spoke these things, Stella was already making her way toward the next room.

This time a third of the room was illuminated by a light. It was somewhat larger than either of the other two rooms. The light seemed to hold a promise, a hope.

The room was filled with people. They seemed to have suddenly sprung up from the floor. Their voices were loud, then soft, then loud again. A few times she was able to make some sense from the words, but most of the time they were obscure because of other and louder voices. A few of the faces looked familiar. They were all in a group, and she seemed to hear a wail from the middle—then the wail was lost in the sound of voices.

Stella tried to make her way to the center of the group. The people were obstacles. She could not feel them, but they seemed to stay her progress. A tremendous wail rang through the room. Stella saw arms flying up in the center as if a great struggle were in process. A face—her own—for a brief second came before her eyes. Then there was silence

once again and Stella was being led outside the room.

She did not enter another room but faced a staircase. Boxes upon boxes were piled on each step of the staircase.

"There's no way to go on," she commented. A feeling of both sadness and relief filled her.

"You must go on." That voice again. It sent a chill up her spine. "Go on. You still have far to travel." Stella tried to turn, to flee; but it was useless. "Go on!"

Throwing one box and then another aside, she moved to the first step. As she moved up the stairs, the boxes seemed to get heavier and heavier. Tears of frustration rolled down her face.

"Go on! Go on!"

"I can't go on. It's too much for me. The strain--"

"Give up then." The voice seemed bitter. "Stay where you are for eternity. You need not fear that you will be alone. Many have been stopped on these steps. Stay where you are, Stella. If this is what you want, stay."

Stella removed the last box. With a smile of triumph, she stepped onto the floor of the second level of the house. Her eyes were accosted by the sight of a single window. The steps she took towards it were hurried.

The field of vision from her stance at the window was limited. The place where once she had stood could be seen by her in the distance. Already she seemed to have travelled far.

The room had three lights in it. Again there were people. This time there were more than there had been in the last room. Some of the words spoken by these shadows were even clearer.

"Don't do that—"

"You know that the truth is—"

"The right way is—"

"Can't you make up your own—"

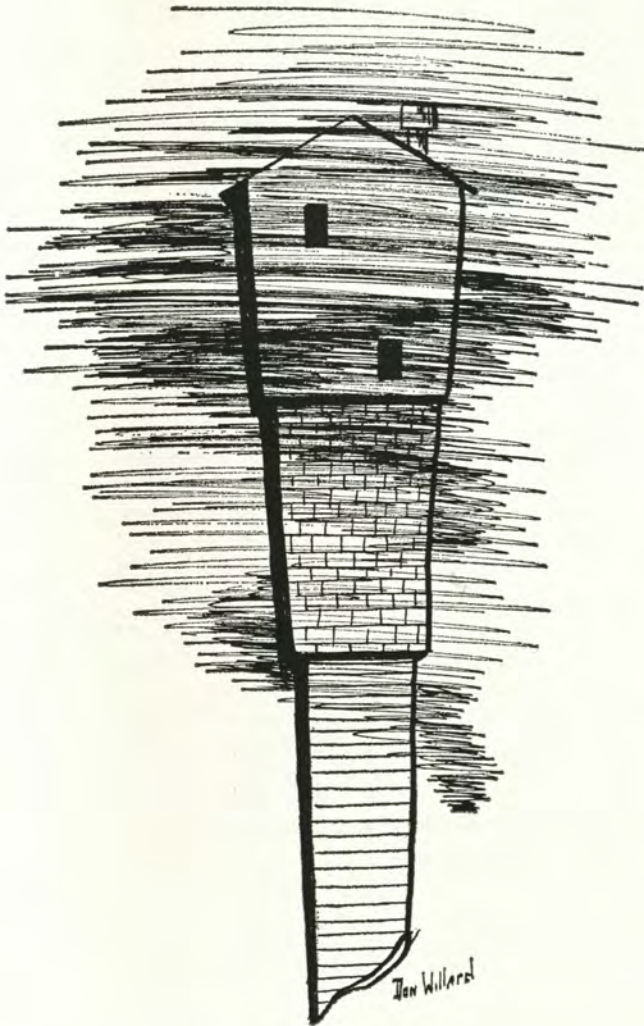
"—is the coward's way."

"I love you—"

"—could go on forever."

"Think of the future and—"

Stella saw a young woman in the middle of the gathering. Instantly she knew that this was she—not more than a few months ago. She watched her image as it made her way from one person to another, listening for a moment but moving on without understanding. The face held a smile but the eyes seemed dim and afraid. Stella tried to avert her eyes but found that she was forced to watch. To warn the young woman to stop in her quest was what Stella wished to do, but the realization that she could not weighed on her like a bird trying to fly against a hurricane.



"—this is the way to—"

"I will show—"

The sentences incomplete fell on her ears.

Stella strained to hear the words, to seek guidance. Then she was alone once again.

"I must rest."

"There is no time for rest now," the voice said. "You have been resting most of your life. Now you must go on until you can't go any further."

"And what will I find?"

"This I can't tell you. It is something you must discover for yourself if you have the strength."

"I have already faltered so many times. My brain feels heavy, and I am unable to think. Must I go on blind?"

"Everyone is blind from the first. Then each must try to find the light. Some never do, but you shall if you have the strength."

"And where shall I find the strength to go on?"

"You must answer your own question. Peer into your heart, into your deepest thoughts."

Stella now stood in front of another staircase. There were no obstacles on the steps. Her eyes tried to find where it ended. She could only see a glow of light.

"Why aren't there any boxes?"

"This time you are your own impediments. This is the last road. If you reach the top, you will know the answers. You will meet many people on this trip. They cannot stop you—only you can do that. You will be told many things—more than ever before. Decisions will have to be made that you never even contemplated could come up. Again and again you shall be tested. You may fall. Get up, go on. The light is awaiting you, Stella. It is up to you now. Be careful, think hard, and search within yourself for the answers. You shall not be forsaken."

Stella lifted her face to the light above. Her body was shaking.

"I will try," she said with a determination she had never before felt. She mounted the first step.

—Joanne May

THE FRIENDS

"If he doesn't call in a half hour—I'll give him thirty more minutes—then I've just got to call him! I don't even know if he's arrived in New York all right. Suppose his plane is delayed. He should have called by now. At least."

Alcie flopped on the end of Jeannie's bed in her slip, fumbling with its ruffle and picking at a piece of paper with Carl's home phone number on it. She had said those same sentences over and over during the past hour. Her small mouth pouted and her blue eyes blazed one minute and were soft the next minute. The paper with the address looked as if it had been chewed on all four sides.

"Well, Alcie, go ahead and call. You won't be satisfied until you do. You know that." Marty punctuated her sentence with a hard fist in one of the pillows on the bed.

Alcie half-grinned; her eyes began to shine; and she announced, "All right, I will! I just will!"

She bounced out of Jeannie and Marty's room and into her half of the dormitory suite. They heard the money rattling as Alcie robbed her piggy bank for phone change. Jeannie and Marty stared at each other across the mounds of books that covered the twin beds. They had recently begun a studying binge, motivated by notes from the dean's office. Marty and Jeannie were Alcie's best friends, and she could rely on them for anything.

"He really should have called her by now,"

Marty said in a low voice as she fluffed her honey-colored hair with a brush. "He was supposed to be in hours ago. She said he vowed he would call as soon as he reached the airport, without even waiting to get home. It was a promise."

"They haven't seen each other for seven months," Jeannie added. "England is a long way away. I wonder if anything had happened. If he's changed any. You know it's gotten so she's been doing all the letter writing. I just hope nothing has happened to break them up. Alcie just lives on his every word. I had sort of thought that he felt the same way about her." Jeannie sat Indian-style on her bed and practiced putting on eyeshadow.

"Well," Marty replied, "I hate to even suggest this, but you don't suppose, with her way down here in Virginia and his just returning from England, that that big college ring she wears is becoming a ball and chain? Do you?"

"Oh, Marty, I don't know. I hope not. How awful if she should be hurt, especially now, when he's coming home. After all her hoping and planning and talking about him."

They smothered their words as Alcie slid into the room.

"Here I go," she beamed. "Wish me luck."

Marty and Jeannie held up their crossed fingers and returned the beaming smile. Alcie scuffled down the dorm corridor and into the telephone booth. They could hear the metallic clink-clink of



round silver and nickel pieces dropping into the telephone box.

Too soon she was back. She exploded into the room, backfiring the door behind her and confronted them. Marty and Jeannie jumped from their twin beds, scattering books, eye make-up, and brushes in all directions.

"That . . . that . . . SCROUNGE! How could he!" she screeched, hands clutching the air in two exclamation points on either side of her head. "Do you all know WHAT?" Marty and Jeannie nodded mutely and sat down simultaneously. "That Carl has been in New York at home for five hours. Five hours! And he hasn't even lifted the phone to call me. He said he just hadn't gotten around to it. OH! That makes me so mad! The least he could do would be to call as he had planned just so I could know he was home okay—that his plane didn't crash in the ocean. The least he could do . . ."

She stomped through the connecting bath into her own room as Marty and Jeannie sat, stunned and staring, but not really surprised. They got off their twin beds, leaving their books and followed Alcie, imitating her decisive walk. They plunked themselves down on her bed. Well, they couldn't really see either why he hadn't called as he had planned, or hadn't written regularly. It certainly showed that he wasn't being very considerate. What girl should have to put up with that? After all, how much COULD he care, to act like that! The very idea! Making a promise and then not keeping it. After all this time! When Alcie had counted on him! Poor Alcie.

Dry-eyed, Alcie stormed, pacing the floor of her room as Marty and Jeannie watched and gave her moral support.

Then the phone rang again, echoing uncertainly down the hall. A voice from the vicinity of the phone booth called, "Alcie, person-to-person call from New York for you. Hurry!"

Alcie lifted her eyebrows quizzically, twisted her mouth into an O, and spun out of the door. They waited. In less than five minutes she returned, sobbing, and fell face-down on her bed.

"It was Carl. He called me to explain. He . . . he has a week at home before he has to report to the base. He's not even going to come d-down and see me as he p-promised in his letter. He says he would only get down here when the base might call him. So it wouldn't be any use. He's just going to stay up there, palling around with his friends and having all k-kinds of fun and I won't even see him. After all these months. . ."

The rest of her story was indistinguishably buried in the blue lace spread on her bed. They tried sympathizing with her, but this time they hardly knew what to say. She wouldn't let them talk of Carl. "I hate him! I hate him! He broke his promise and I know he doesn't care about me,"

was all she would say.

That was Friday. The next day Alcie was a wreck. Her red eyes were bordered by dark circles. Marty and Jeannie tried to be understanding about Carl and to reason with her. Alcie seemed to be expecting a final blow, as if there were a climax yet to come.

After six o'clock Saturday evening, when phone calls were cheaper, and Marty and Jeannie were getting ready to see a movie (they couldn't get Alcie to go even after hours of coaxing, insisting, and practically demanding), Alcie tiptoed silently into their room.

"Jeannie," she whispered, her face pale, eyes luminous, "Carl called. Just now. He's coming down. He'll be here tomorrow."

Jeannie and Marty gasped. So Carl was really coming this time, flying down to Washington and taking his brother's car out to the college to see Alcie.

"You all, he really wants to see me. He said he did. He can't wait to see me. He said he has something very important to say to me. He's decided to forget the base and come on."

She grinned and whirled around the middle of the room. "He loves me! He really does!"

But her bright eyes faded. Marty and Jeannie pretended not to notice and began their "how wonderful," "tell us all about it," "what time is he coming?" "we're so glad."

—Carol Ann Rowzie

LOVE IS FINE WITH ME

HE:

Love is fine with me,
But it's awfully hard to be
In love with a girl
Who's entranced with her curl
Or her hat, or her glove,
And not me.

SHE:

Love is fine with me,
But it's hard to be
In love with a boy
Who's entranced with his toy
Like a boat, or a car,
And not me.

—Edd Cooke

THE PROMISE

Hettie Slade busily occupied herself with peeling the potatoes as she thought over the guest list for the evening. "Let me see now, there's Mother—she can sit beside Dr. Howe, and Hugh can carve and, oh my goodness!"

Rushing over to the oven she yanked it open and sighed in relief at the glazed bird simmering safely in its pan. She took a small dipper from the cabinet drawer and basted the fowl with juices from the bubbling pan. "Mmmmmm, smells good—take maybe a half-hour more though." This she said as she inquisitively poked the turkey with a fork.

Back to the potatoes with a swish of brown hair, Hettie completed peeling them and put them on to cook. Picking up a jar of dill pickles, she tried for the fifth time to open it. She was interrupted by a knock on the door, so she hustled her plump figure in to open it.

"The carpet man. Finally! What a time you pick though, with company coming in an hour! Well, come in, come in."

Mr. Drake plodded in with a rolled hall carpet balanced on one broad shoulder. "Shall I put it down for you, Mrs. Slade?"

"Yes indeed, if you can do it quickly. Dear me, the potatoes are boiling over! Be right back."

She hurried out to rescue the seething vegetables, and returned to watch Mr. Drake roll out the carpet. He painstakingly shifted it this way and that until it satisfied her.

"Thank you Mr. Drake. Ah, Mr. Drake?" She asked a beseeching tone in her voice. "I was wondering whether you would do something for me? This pickle jar out here in the kitchen . . . , well I've tried five or six times myself—I wonder if you would. . . ."

"Certainly, certainly, let me look at it." The carpet man clumped heavily to the kitchen where he carefully washed at the sink before tackling the jar. Then with a grunt and a twist, the lid went flying.

"Oh, thank you Mr. Drake, aren't you handy though? I don't know what I'd have done if you...."

"Shucks, t'wasn't anything," Mr. Drake demurred, "I've got to be going now Mrs. Slade. Call me if you need any more rugs cleaned." Calling out a cheerful goodbye to him, Hettie closed the door and turned back toward the kitchen, catching a glimpse of herself in the hall mirror as she did so. Untidy hair badly in need of a comb framed a round, snub-nosed kindly face. Humorous blue eyes and a full-lipped pink mouth were the two redeeming features in an otherwise plain countenance.

Everybody loved jolly Hettie Slade. No one was a stranger to her. In fact therein lay her one

fault. Hettie asked anybody in to do things for her. She wasn't lazy, goodness no! But she was a helpless type of female. One time she asked a strange salesman in to churn ice cream. Another time, a T. V. repairman ended up dazedly washing windows while Hettie beamed at him. Her exasperated husband had told her time and again, "Hettie, you can't keep asking just anybody in to do favors. You're going to get in trouble someday."

"Now Hugh, who would harm a nitwit like me?" she laughed and continued as she had, asking help from any and everyone.

The clock chimed six and brought Hettie up with a start. "Gracious, the time!" She bolted to the kitchen to check on the bird and vegetables, then rushed for the stairs to tidy herself a bit.

Appearing five minutes later, feeling immaculate and well-dressed, she descended the stairs to answer the doorbell. The hem of her nondescriptive gray dress sagged and her collar hung slightly askew, but her cheerful smiles as she welcomed her guests made up for any peculiarities of dress.

Much later, while lying in bed, Hettie and her husband discussed the successful evening.

"I just knew Dr. Howe and Mother would hit it off, Hugh; and Dora Hipple does add something to dinner parties, doesn't she?"

"She sure does! Why I'll bet the old"

"Now that's enough, Hugh, don't say it. Do you know she asked for my pickle recipe? We wouldn't even have had the pickle if that nice Mr. Drake hadn't opened my pickle jar for me this afternoon"

"What?" Hugh roared, "Who's Mr. Drake? Hettie, how many times have I?"

"Now Hugh, it's all right! He's only the carpet man. He brought in the hall carpet, and I couldn't get the jar open, and he was here, so I asked him to open it. He was very nice about it too."

With a disgusted grunt, Hugh mentally consigned all disobedient wives to a level of stubborn mules, and flopped over on his side determined to sleep instead of parrying words with his flighty wife.

Hettie gazed at Hugh's unrelenting back for a few seconds, then murmured "Good night, dear," as she pulled the covers around her and drifted immediately off to sleep.

The next day Hettie scrubbed screens, with the hose in one hand and a scrub brush in the other. Reaching down to scratch off a stubborn patch of dirt, she jammed her thumbnail down on a big splinter. "Ouch, George Henry!" She fumed and looked at the long painful splinter protruding from her now bloody thumbnail.

Spying a youth slouching around the corner of Mrs. Lee's house next door, she called over to him,

"Hey you, can you come here a minute please?" The young fellow started violently. Then he sauntered over to Hettie and said, "Yeah?"

"Well, you see," she began, "I've got this perfectly hugh piece of wood under my nail, and would you try to pull it out please? I'm really no good at that sort of thing." Hattie smiled apologetically.

He glanced at the offending thumbnail. "Got any tweezers, lady?"

"I'm Mrs. Slade. Yes, tweezers, I'll run and get them. Better yet, you come on into the kitchen. We'll have coffee after we get rid of my splinter." She hurried into the house to get the tweezers.

The youth removed his dirty cap as he entered Hettie's spotless kitchen. He looked insolently around, exploring possibilities with eager brown eyes. His jeans hadn't seen soap or water for quite some time, holes riddled a sweaty tee shirt, and several days growth of beard adorned his lean dark face.

Soon Hettie reappeared with the tweezers, medicine and a bandaid. "You won't hurt, will you?" She asked in childlike earnest.

"Hope not Mrs. . . . er . . . Slade." Holding her thumb firmly, he picked up the tweezers and deftly flicked out the big splinter. Hettie trustfully watched him as he applied the medicine and bandaid.

"Okay, Lady?"

"Oh, fine. I'm Mrs. Slade, S-l-a-d-e. Would you like some coffee now Mr. . . . , what did you say your name was?"

"Didn't. When will your husband be home, lady?"

"Well, he usually comes around-----well, pretty soon now. Why do you ask?" Hettie was getting just a little bit worried.

"Oh, I just wondered. Keep much dough in the house?"

"Dough?"

"Moola, lettuce, cash!" He impatiently rubbed his thumb and fingers together simulating greenbacks.

"No, hardly any. Why?" Hettie moved slowly toward the back door.

Divining her purpose, he beat her to the door and grabbed her wrist. He was just going to twist her arm behind her back when the front door opened. With relief, Hettie heard her husband throw his newspaper on the hall table and shout, "Hettie, where are?"

The youth dropped Hettie's wrist instantly and quickly slipped out the back door. Not being able to afford any trouble, the fellow disappeared in a hurry.

Hettie ran to Hugh and threw herself against him. "Oh Hugh, I've had a positively ghastly time. This fellow wanted to rob me, or something. I had a big splinter and . . ."

"What? Someone tried to rob you? Where is he?" Hugh strode to the kitchen and on seeing nothing, glanced out the back door. Nothing there either. Back he went to where Hettie was shivering and nervously hugging herself. He led her to the couch. As they sat down he asked, "What the dickens does a splinter have to do with it?"

So Hettie told him everything that had gone on.

"So it's finally happened," Hugh gently reprimanded her. "And it could have been worse. Much worse. Hettie, promise me that you won't ever do such a foolish thing again? Promise!"

"Yes dear, I do promise. I do believe that boy would have hurt me." Wonderment crept into her voice. "And he was so good with the splinter and everything!"

"Well, this should be a good lesson for you," Her husband got up and started for the stairs. He paused on the second step, "Now don't ever do it again, you hear?"

"Yes, Hugh. Dinner will be ready in a minute, dear."

After dinner when Hugh had left for his office, Hettie decided to finish a dress she'd begun last week. She got the half-finished rose wool from the closet and tried it on. "Not bad," she thought as she looked critically at herself in the full length mirror. "Needs hemming and buttonholes, that's all. I wonder who—?" Then she heard a mower busily chopping its way across Mr. Hale's yard next door. Quickly she shucked the dress and pulled on her everyday cotton.

Hurrying to the window she looked out. "Ah, good, just the right size! Oh Mister—yoo hoo, yes you! Could you come over here a minute please?"

—Jean Smith

Megan

Megan sat as quietly as she could on the old horsehair couch. Her black organdy dress scratched her legs. She wished she could go in the other room with everyone else. She had peeked in there on her way back from the bathroom, but a fat lady was in the way. All she had seen was a big box and candles.

Candles meant a party. There had been can-

dles on her birthday cake: two blue ones and two yellow ones. Everyone had laughed and clapped when she counted them. She got a big doll from Gramps and some clothes. She wished she had Suzi-doll there now to play with. She was lonesome. Maybe she could go to the bathroom again and peek in the other room.

Uncle Billie came out of the other room. Megan jumped back up on the couch.

Uncle Billie was walking funny. He looked like he was under the weather. That's what Mamma said when he walked that way. Daddy said that he was just plain drunk. Megan wasn't sure what that meant, but it must be bad because Mamma got mad when he was like that.

Uncle George came out behind Uncle Billie. They went into the kitchen. Grandma Grace came out with her old lady friends. She was crying again. That's all she'd done all day long, and all yesterday too. Megan had asked Mamma why and she said



that Gramps had passed on. Megan asked Daddy what that meant, and he said that it meant that Gramps was dead.

Megan knew what dead meant. Her dog Rocky had died, and she and Daddy had buried him in the woods. Mamma said he would go to Heaven; but when Megan looked the next day, he was still there. Daddy said just his soul went and his body stayed here. Mamma was mad because Megan had looked. She and Daddy had had a big argument about curiosity.

Mamma and Daddy and Aunt Ellie came out with some people Megan didn't know.

Mamma said, "Thank you for coming. I know it was a comfort for Mother. Yes, the funeral's tomorrow. Yes, at three. Goodbye."

Mamma and Daddy and everyone was dressed in black. Megan thought they looked ugly. She hated black dresses, especially scratchy black dresses. Mamma had made her get dressed up and stay there alone all afternoon. Megan had asked Daddy if she could go out and play and he had said "Yes," but Mamma had said "No, what would the neighbors think?" Daddy said something about Hell and the neighbors, but Megan had stopped listening because she was afraid they would fight again.

They weren't fighting now. Daddy was sitting with Mamma on another couch. He looked worried and asked if she wanted another cup of coffee. Mamma said yes. Mamma liked coffee; it settled her nerves. Megan didn't like nerves, they made Mamma grouchy. Daddy said she couldn't help being grouchy and for Megan not to bother Mamma when she was.

Megan got down from the couch and went over to her.

"Can I take off my dress now?"

Mamma didn't say anything. She turned Megan around and undid her sash and buttons.

Megan ran upstairs and put on her blue jumpers. When she came down everyone was drinking coffee and talking. Megan sat down on the floor and listened.

Aunt Ellie was talking to Grandma Grace.

"Now you know how I felt when Charles died. I still miss him now as much as the day he died. I'll just never get used to living alone. I'm just waiting for the day when I die."

Aunt Ellie started to cry. All the crying scared Megan. Grownups weren't supposed to cry.

Mamma put her cup down. "Where was Dad's Masonic ring? I thought the undertaker was to put it on him. And that suit. Honestly, Mother, why did you pick that one?"

Grandma Grace took a deep breath. "It was his favorite suit; I thought he would have liked to be buried in it. And the ring is in my jewelry box. I was going to give it to Billie."

"Mother, have you lost your mind? Billie would only pawn it for more liquor. Honestly, I. . ."

Daddy slammed his hand down on the table.

Everyone turned and looked at him. Megan had never seen her father look so mad. She cowered back against a chair.

"You all are acting like savages, only savages are more civilized. Katherine, stop badgering your mother. Aunt Ellie, we all know how much you must miss Charles; but this is hardly the time or the place to tell everyone. Billie, you had better either go up and sleep off what you've had or else have George drive you home."

"Well!" Aunt Ellie exploded. "An outsider telling us what to do. Who told you you were so high and mighty?"

Daddy shrugged. "I give up. I'm sorry. . ."

Aunt Ellie sat back smugly.

" . . . I thought this was an occasion of sadness and sympathy."

Aunt Ellie jerked forward again. She was ready to say something else when Grandma Grace interrupted.

"Please, please, everyone. I'm going to bed. There's food in the kitchen. Help yourselves."

Megan watched Grandma Grace leave. She looked awfully old and tired. Megan started to go out with her, but Mamma called her back.

"Megan, you stay here by Mamma. Mamma needs you."

Megan reluctantly went over and sat beside Mamma. Mamma turned to Daddy.

"Well, you certainly embarrassed me. Now, I want you to behave yourself. . ."

She forgot about Megan who had slipped off the couch and started for the other room.

" . . . What on earth ever possessed you to speak to Aunt Ellie that way? You know she's—Megan! Someone stop her," Mamma yelled. "She's going in where Dad is!"

Mamma was too late. Megan had already shut the door and turned the lock.

There were flowers and candles all over the room and chairs around the wall. Gramps was in a big box. Megan tiptoed up to the box. She was afraid she would wake Gramps up.

She felt his face. He was like a big wax doll. She wondered if his soul was in heaven with Rockie's, and if Gramps would play with Rockie. She would miss Gramps.

Megan stared down at Gramps and decided she didn't want to be dead. Dead people couldn't run and play. They had to stay in a box, and they made people cry and yell at each other.

Mamma started banging on the door and yelling for Megan to come out. Her voice was high and funny sounding. It scared Megan. Then Daddy knocked on the door. His voice sounded gentle as it always did, "Megan, please open the door so I can come in."

Megan gave Gramps a goodbye pat and opened the door. Daddy took her hand and led her out of the room. Mamma and Aunt Ellie were standing together. They looked like big, black, cold birds. Megan was glad Daddy had her hand in his big warm one.

—Maryann Franzoni

AND IT CAME TO PASS

And it came to pass
 In the vicinity of Macys Department Store
 Here with nothing faces
 watching the crowd
 through steadfast eyes
 Here with nervous hands
 forcing dried tobacco
 between clenched teeth
 Here with boneless fingers
 tying a big red bow
 around a wrinkled brain
 (Falalalala/lala/lala)

It came to pass
 In the suffocation smoke-filled lounge
 Where careless bodies
 fall on leather sofas
 hiding from holiday shoppers
 Where unknown heels
 grind ashes and butts
 leaving black stains on the floor
 Where fifty million tiny filters
 would do no good
 could do no good
 (Falalalala/lala/lala)

Yes! It came to pass
 On the streets of every city and town
 In front of the Salvation Army stand
 with the blasting message
 "Peace on earth . . . Good will toward men"
 In front of the ABC store
 with windows containing
 packages of X-mas Cheer
 In front of a sham-gothic Presbyterian
 with a sign of bright red letters
 "Christmas pageant complete with Santa"
 (Falalalala/lala/lala)

And on this Day
 A decree was issued
 Proclaiming a reward
 for those who succeeded
 in murdering a certain Man

He was found
 Nailed to a Christmas tree
 Crowned with a wreath of holly
 Dressed in a suit of red
 His side pierced
 with the remains
 of a whiskey bottle

—Charlotte Wootten

TO MY FRIEND THE ENEMY

Welcome Friend,
 Where once you came unbidden.
 Visit monuments and battlefields
 Of strife long ended.
 Recreate within your own mind's eye
 That tragic split
 So shabbily mended.

What do you think has changed in a hundred years?

The Shenandoah flows the same.
 The Blue Ridge mountains rise above green fields
 And skies are blue as then . . . save for the rain,
 Beginning again, and
 Weeping for what has been.

Do you think the people here have changed?

They are descendants of those proud ones
 Who fought on until the end.
 Force them not too far again.
 Or you may hear once more that rebel yell,
 Echoing from Atlanta to the sea and
 Resounding from Manassas to Antietam—
 "Clean up your own back yard!"

Do you think that by decree
 You can shape a destiny?
 Did you . . . then?
 Then why must
 You now do it all again?

"What will change the South?" you beg.

Will it change, as the scars of reconstruction fade
 With the carpet baggers' grin;
 Or with a new generation who'll forget
 There was no Marshall Plan
 For the ailing South
 Then;
 But only graft, and greed and theft
 For blood kin?
 Was this the brother love so blithely preached
 Before the battles' din?

When will it change,
 My enemy, my friend?
 When man loves man—
 Only then.

—Pat Botkin

HAIKU No. 1

Dirty oil dribbles
 Down the pavement, rainbowing
 Pink into purple.

—Carol Ann Rowzie

THE DREAM

Pencils and paperwads whizzed across the room. Chalk erasers filled the room with dust. Girls whispered together or talked aloud, comparing homework papers and boys. The classroom door opened, and the teacher entered in the middle of the confusion. Through the chalky screen he was barely visible; but after a few minutes the students recognized his voice trying to get above the drone, "Boys, boys, you must settle down."

They settled. They clamored to upright desks. They scrambled for books, pencils and papers; and they shuffled their feet while the chalky mist cleared away.

Mr. Oliver Trinkle polished his horn-rimmed glasses carefully and then piped in his high monotone, "Please state the uses of the ablative case, James."

Jimmy Prater, the class bully, was suddenly at a loss for words. He flipped the pages of his textbook and stuttered, "Well, er—uh—" The rest of



the students frantically searched for the correct answer. Jimmy did not let them down. "The ablative, sire, is used in case you can't find anything else." The class roared. Their hero had brought them through the crisis. The morning session of Latin I was on. *Amo Amas Amat*. There was always a regular chant in the rear of the room. Ablatives, datives, penults, and anti-penults were blissfully ignored. Mr. Trinkle wrote words in Latin on the board and called for translations. If Jimmy didn't succeed in confusing the phrases or clauses, someone else would. Mr. Trinkle called for different verb forms and the chants of *amo, amas, amat* grew louder.

At last the bell ended the bedlam, and the students left the room noisily. Mr. Trinkle barely had time to erase the sentences on the blackboard before the tenth graders entered for Latin II. His second class was a complete change from the first period.

The fifty minutes dragged while the students took turns translating the feats of Julius Caesar. They didn't whisper or throw erasers. They held the Latin book or another book on the desk and didn't lift their eyes. Mr. Trinkle sat at his desk with his eyes closed, yawning occasionally or tapping his long, slim fingers on the desk. He corrected mistakes methodically and opened his eyes only when the bell rang. He hated Julius Caesar as much as they did. Sometimes the thought of just how much he hated Caesar and Catullus and Cicero actually unnerved him, and Mr. Trinkle scurried to the aspirin bottle which he kept in his locker.

Today Mr. Trinkle was especially disgusted with Caesar. Monday morning. A whole week of Julius Caesar and the subjunctive mood. Usually Mr. Trinkle pretended that he didn't know it was Monday. He ignored the days of the week, somehow managing to realize when Friday came and to give tests in each class. Today, however, he was painfully aware that it was Monday. His mother had distinctly reminded him when he visited her at the hospital before coming to school.

She had straightened his tie, smoothed his lapel with her pale, slender hands and said, "Today is Monday, Oliver, and the doctors say I may have to stay until Friday." Mr. Trinkle arranged her pillow, turned the vase of roses around so that the withered ones did not face her bed and said, "I'll be in after school, Mother."

Mr. Trinkle let the hesitant voices of Latin II become a drone while he thought about his mother. She had been ill before. For twelve years his mother had had severe times of illness, in which she seemed to hover between life and death. In 1949 when he decided to leave Clifton and return to the University to work on his Ph. D., his mother had become dangerously ill; and Dr. Martin, who had been the family doctor for years, had cautioned him to wait another year. She needed his attention, so Mr. Trinkle postponed his plans. It was not that his mother did not want him to get his doctor's degree. While he was in college and in graduate school working on his master's, she had encouraged him. She was pleased with his fine record and praised his achievements at the Garden Club. When Mr. Trinkle returned to Clifton after getting his M. A., his mother talked constantly about how she hoped he had come home to stay and take care of her. Mr. Trinkle decided it was because his mother was getting older and hated living alone. He never doubted that she believed in his desire for a doctorate and university position. Her illness was a great shock to Mr. Trinkle.

He accepted the position as Latin instructor at Capital Heights High School and actually enjoyed it the first few years. It was his first teaching experience, and he was young and enthusiastic. Latin had been one of his best subjects. He liked the order and discipline of the ancient language. He dreamed always, however, of returning to the University, of becoming Dr. Trinkle and being a famous professor. He fancied himself too brilliant to waste his career

on Capital Heights. Someday he would write a great classical work and be honored with national recognition.

He took very good care of his mother, helped her improve her geranium plants, took her to shows and concerts; and her condition improved steadily. But when Mr. Trinkle mentioned leaving home, she would have another attack, and his dream of his great accomplishment remained a dream. He mentioned to Mr. Harding, the vice-principal of Capital Heights, that his mother's illness seemed to become worse each time he planned to leave.

Mr. Trinkle became less enthusiastic in his teaching. He developed recurring headaches, and he got his first pair of horn-rimmed glasses. He settled into a routine of teaching, boring himself and his students. After twelve years at Capital Heights, Mr. Trinkle's dream of returning to graduate school was yellowed and mildewed; but he still clung to it. "Someday," he said to himself, and though he was still a young man, he began to day dream and adopt certain peculiarities of manner and speech. He seemed oblivious to what he wore. An orange tie with a green shirt never disturbed him. The students at Capital Heights talked about him every day. Usually it was just before or after they were in his class, but sometimes they talked about him over cokes in the drugstore after school.

"Did you see that umbrella?"

"Yeah, rain or shine, he always has it with him."

"Well, you never know when it's going to rain," and they all laughed.

"Get a load of that hat some time. I think we ought to get him a new one for Christmas."

"Trinkle's bonnet!" someone suggested, and gradually the conversation faded into a discussion of the coming football game.

He became a legend at the school. The students called him "Trinkletoes" and mimicked his sedate way of walking into the middle of the confused room and stating, "Boys, we must settle down." They often said to each other that the girls could be jumping out of windows; and Mr. Trinkle would still say, "Boys, you must settle down." They laughed at his effeminate ways, and the whole town agreed he was a "Mama's boy."

He had never married and apparently took no interest in the eligible young women of the community. When he was an undergraduate, Mr. Trinkle brought a girl home to meet his mother. Her name was Mary Elizabeth. The whole town gaped in surprise when Mr. Trinkle and Mary Elizabeth walked down Main Street. They strolled arm in arm, ignoring the stares. Everyone was just as surprised to learn that she left quite suddenly. That was the first and only girl who came to Clifton with Mr. Trinkle. When Mr. Harding casually mentioned her during a coffee break one day some years later, Mr. Trinkle shook his head sadly. "She and Mother didn't get along too well," was his only reply.

During his lunch period Mr. Trinkle called the hospital to inquire about his mother. Doctor Martin informed him that his mother seemed very weak,

and perhaps he should come in sometime during the afternoon. Mr. Trinkle left a hurried note for the principal and rushed to Clifton General Hospital.

His mother was asleep, and although Mr. Trinkle sat by her bedside for five hours, waiting to see signs of improvement, she never awoke. She died in her sleep without a final word to her son. Doctor Martin finally led him into the hall.

"Go home, Oliver, and get some rest. We'll take care of everything."

During the time between his mother's death and funeral, Mr. Trinkle avoided thinking. When he returned home after the funeral service, he paced the rooms of the modern ranch-style home he had built for his mother. He sat in an easy chair and tapped his slender fingers on the chair arm and thought, "There's nothing to keep me here. Nothing." He got a sheet of white stationery and a fountain pen from the desk in his bedroom and started a letter to the University Graduate School. His hand shook as he dated it. "This is ridiculous," Mr. Trinkle admonished himself. "Twelve years and you can't even write the letter." He finally finished the letter and sealed it. He couldn't find a stamp anywhere in the house, so he put the letter on the desk, reminding himself to mail it the next day.

That night Mr. Trinkle tossed and turned and awoke several times with the thought, "What if they won't accept me. After all, it's been twelve years and they need fresh, young talent." Once he awoke, saying aloud, "I can do it. I know I can. I'll write the great modern epic."

When he looked at the letter in the morning, he said to no one in particular, "I'll mail it after school. That will give me more time to think it over. After all, it's wise not to rush into these things."

As he drove slowly along the streets in his 1949 Oldsmobile on his way to Capital Heights, Mr. Trinkle thought about his present position and his future plans.

"Clifton is a nice town. Capital Heights is a fine school, progressing slowly, but steadily. How beautiful the elms are this morning." He hadn't thought about the elm trees in twelve years.

"It will be a pleasure to return to the University to complete my studies." Mr. Trinkle's hand quivered slightly on the steering wheel.

He walked into his classroom about five minutes late. There was no chalk flying, no boys scrambling over desks, no noise. Mr. Trinkle stared at the rows of desks where the boys and girls of Latin I sat quietly. Then he saw written on the board in large white letters "Welcome back, Mr. Trinkle." Mr. Trinkle pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and hurried away to his locker for an aspirin. He took the letter from his pocket and placed it in a book he had intended to use as supplementary material for his Latin classes, "Caesar and Other Noble Romans." He placed the aspirin bottle on the book, returned to the room, and ducked just in time to avoid a missile in the shape of an eraser. "Boys, you must settle down," he piped and the Latin I session was on.

—Eleanor Gullion

LIVING DEATH

Screeching blood screams
In the caverns of my veins,
Rushing,

gushing in its streams
Until it feigns

cheap rest.

Then rousing it raves
And heaves red energies

Till surging,

urging waves

Beat themselves to seas

That crush against the shores

Of cold tight tubes

And rigid, silent pores.

Aching,

breaking swells

Beat upon the brain

In cries

Of life to come again.

Then weary they pause

And settle in reflection.

Drying,

dying,

crying

Christ, where's my resurrection?

—Sandra Hepp



Alleluia



"... All-le-loo-ya, all-le-loo-yaaa!" Like twelve deflating balloons, the breathless, red-faced choir sank into the three pews in the choir corner of Green Pastures Church. From her vantage point in the center-back of the congregation, Angeline could glimpse Mrs. Scranton still puffing. Her fat little jaw sank in and out as she sucked in the musty air. Sam Moffat, the deacon baritone, mopped his face with a wrinkled handkerchief. He let out a sigh of relief that ended in a near-whistle and travelled from the choir corner clear back to Angeline. Soft snickers and a distinct whisper issued from the corner. Angeline glanced at the congregation around her and wondered if they had heard. No, except for little Roddy Lane, who wiggled incessantly and thrilled whenever anyone else disturbed the service, all the sixty-four members plus four visitors were silently meditating before Reverend Hascal began his Sunday morning sermon.

Angeline lifted her gray eyes and scrutinized her church as she hadn't a chance to do for nearly a whole year. From September to June. She didn't even come home for Christmas. Washington State was a heck of a long way from the hills of Kentucky. Yes, yellow-brown September to blue-green June. It was a homesick year, but it was full of determination and learning too. How good it was to be at home and have one year of college past, with its challenges and frustrations gone too. Well, at least for three months, until the fall term. The past, wiped out, and today, today, tomorrow to live for! How cool June was. She could hide herself in its green. It was like pools of mountain water, clear to the pebbled bottom. She had thought of the wind and water while she was at school. She knew every minute of school was important; and she hadn't wished her time away—that was wasteful—but secretly, she remembered how it was to run in the fields and let the wind ruffle her hair. There wasn't anything more exhilarating, except maybe dangling bare feet into one of those pebbled pools on her parents' land. She had pigeon-holed these things away in her mind at Washington State and took them out whenever she needed assurance or got depressed by all the towers, trains, or smog.

"Let us consider today the virtues of Noah, that faithful, God-fearing man. . . ." Reverend Hascal pierced Angeline's jade-green thoughts. Oh, where had she been? Oh, yes, Noah, dear old faithful Noah. How many times she had studied him when she was a little girl. For eighteen years now. Eighteen years! Oh, Time! But she was different now, mature. She was growing up. She saw differently. Lots differently. She didn't think Mrs. Scranton knew all that she knew.

"Here was a man, a real man. The kind of man God needs and uses." She wondered what had prompted him to speak about Noah today. It was a nice little church. He'd done a good job here with these people. He'd been a good minister. Had the church painted. Pine paneling refinished. The new red glass windows were beautiful. It was all

beautiful! What a lovely day! "June is bustin' out all over! All over. . . ."

Angeline's head snapped up. Reverend Hascal was looking at her with an unfaltering gaze. He continued, "Noah worked over this ark faithfully. He plodded on, even when he was ridiculed by his neighbors. He knew and believed things that they, in their sin, could not understand."

Angeline crossed her legs and smoothed her gloves. Poor things. Noah's neighbors simply had a different value system. Somewhere their goals must have been altered from those of Noah's people.

"The Lord found they were wicked, sinful people. Therefore He felt He must destroy them. Noah and all his people entered this ark. Two of every species of animal—male and female—that crept upon the earth were also led aboard this ark. Then the rains came and Noah's ark floated. The sinful people were destroyed. They ran for the hills, but the waters crept up, past the hills, drowning the sinful people!"

Angeline shivered. It was creepy and strange. Sin? What was sin? Reverend Hascal's voice blasted to the center-back of the church, demanding, commanding. "I say unto you, if you are a sinner, such as these people were, beware! For surely you, too, shall be destroyed—if not by water, then by fire! You know the old Bible passage, 'and the sins of the forefathers shall be visited upon their children unto the fourth generation. . . .'"

Angeline's teeth bore down on her lips, slowly crushing the skin. "Well, then, I hate Thee, unrighteous picture; wicked image, I hate Thee; so, strike with Thy vengeance the heads of those little men who come blindly. It will be a brave thing!" Stephen Crane and Freshman literature flashed through Angeline's mind. A brave thing!

"We are all sinners! We are born in sin!" Angeline squirmed. Her hat felt tight on her head and her dress scratched her shoulders. How could he say that! People had no personalities when they were born. They had only their genetic inheritance which reacted in a certain way to their environmental factors. It wasn't exactly something they had control over.

"I say, but for the grace of God, we would not escape Hell and Damnation!" But, Angeline thought, "All behavior is caused!" Would Reverend Hascal burn his child in an eternal fire just because he had done something not in keeping with society's standards? Was that all sin was—society's standards? Anyway, she certainly wouldn't do anything of the kind to her child!

Drops of perspiration lined themselves across Angeline's brow. How could the congregation believe that? She felt her bouffant hairdo drooping. She thought hard about her psychology class—socialization, learning, drives, responses, relations.

"Therefore! I say, surrender yourselves, today! Before it is too late! There may never be another

chance! The Lord is waiting. But He will not always wait!"

Angeline stiffened her spine and lifted her head. How beastly hot it was in this stuffy little church. How confined. Outside the cool June breezes blew down through the hills. Outside, the sky was clear and it was still morning. She rose from the pew and walked to the end of the row. The pine flooring creaked under her French heels. She walked down the center isle to the vestibule and the open door in the back. She didn't look back, but she distinctly heard Mrs. Scranton suck in her breath in a harsh gasp. Throats cleared and Reverend Hascal resumed his abandoned pleas, "I say unto you, surrender, sinners!"

Angeline stepped lightly down the new cement steps and looked around. She breathed deeply, filling her lungs nearly to the bursting point and letting the air out in a long sigh. Yes, it was still morning. Little Jimmy Hawkins ambled by with his fishing pole. He was headed for the river.

—Carol Ann Rowzie

THAT'S LIFE

Think of the night
Long ago;
You spoke to me
Oh, so low.

Music played
Soft and sweet.
The clock stopped;
Time took a seat.

You raised your eyes;
I raised mine.
Then I saw you
Just in time.

Heart fluttering,
Eyes aglow
Your threat began
Soft and low.

I struck a blow
Strong and true.
I killed you—
You, mosquito you !

—Jeanette Beamer

WINDY OAKS

Sam Wilson folded the letter and put it in his shirt pocket. A glance at his watch reminded him it was past time to do the milking. While he walked to the barn, Sam thought about the letter. Perhaps his daughter was right. A farm was no place for a man his age to live alone. He entered the dairy barn and saw the cows contentedly chewing their cud. Tom Hawkins' boy must have done the milking. Well, it was nearly six o'clock. It was a good thing the poor cows hadn't depended on him. Sam gave all six of them a pat and then closed the door behind him. He stopped at the spring house to get a drink of the clear water. As he stepped from the spring house he could see the lights in the dairy barn still burning. He retraced his steps to turn them off. He wasn't really forgetful, but his reflexes did seem to have slowed down a bit. Seventy-two wasn't like being eighteen, he reminded himself.

When he reached the gate of the front walk, Sam paused to look at his home. His land stretched over hills to the left and right of the house for five hundred acres. He knew every step of it. Of course, he hadn't been over his property in almost a year. He used to walk over most of it every day. Damn this aching back and rheumatic legs. Sam eased himself into the comfortable rocker on the front porch, pulled out the letter from his daughter and began to re-read it. The ink made blurry scratches on the white page. He put the letter down and went in search of his reading glasses. It was several minutes before he found them on the kitchen table where he had left them with the morning newspaper.

Settling himself on the porch again, Sam pondered over Mary's words. "... Dad, you really should sell. We'd come and keep the farm, but you know Jim can't leave the store. The Hawkinses have been dying to have your property for years. We have plenty of room here and we'd love to have you. Please think this over ..."

Mary's heart was in the right place, Sam thought as he tucked the letter back into the envelope. She really was concerned about him. Ever since his wife's death in the accident three years back, his daughter had begged him to come to Cincinnati to live with her and her family. Sam had kept putting her off. He loved his daughter very much and her husband, Jim, was a fine man. Their three children were healthy, attractive teenagers. They knew everything about television, movie stars, and the latest dances. They knew nothing about being quiet and letting their grandfather take after-dinner naps. Besides, Cincinnati was four hundred miles away.

Sam had ignored these letters from Mary. But maybe she was right. He recalled the visit to Doctor Murphy. Was it only last week?

"Now, Sam, we've been friends for nearly forty-five years and know just about everything there is

to know about each other." The doctor's tone was that of a back-yard neighbor. "I saw you sow the last of your wild oats and I've watched you sow a lot of your better ones. The advice I'm giving is personal as well as professional. A man your age and my age has got to realize his limitations. You can't expect to run a farm that size and stay on your feet. I'm telling you in the best way I know how, that your heart won't stand the pace."

To no avail, Sam argued that he only worked around his vegetable garden, in and near the house, and tried to see that his livestock was properly cared for. And even that, the doctor said, was too much. Doc Murphy didn't know much about farming, Sam argued to himself.

If he hadn't trusted his old friend more, Sam would have sworn the doctor had an agreement with Mary to get him to sell the farm. Even the nurse Dr. Murphy sent by every day to check on Sam's food and vitamin supply tried to talk him into selling the farm. And every day Mr. Hawkins rode by in his Ford pick-up to see if Sam had changed his mind.

"When you do, just let me know." Mr. Hawkins even tried to arrange a partnership which meant the property would be all his upon Sam's death. Sam felt that they were all in a conspiracy against him.

"Guess it would be simpler if I would die and leave the farm to Mary and Jim," Sam reflected. "Actually though, Jim is a city man and would make Mary sell it to a stranger."

Sam closed his eyes. All this thinking was tiring.

The August evening was warm. The shadows were long, but it was still light. Sam thought about the blackberries along the fence just over the hill. He was tempted to see if they were as plentiful as they had been the year before. The chair was so comfortable he almost decided the blackberries could wait, but the evening was too pleasant to waste sitting still.

Just outside the gate, Sam remembered his hat and started to go back for it. The wind blew through his gray hair and he left the hat behind. This was what his legs needed, more walking. Resting them on hassocks and covering them with warm blankets had taken away their usefulness. Sam knew he could be back before the nurse came by "to check on him."

Laura wouldn't have wanted him to sell, Sam reflected as he walked along. She had named the farm, "Windy Oaks," and she had loved it as much as he did. No one knew just how much her sudden death had taken from him. Sometimes still he imagined she would be in the house when he returned or she would be working among her rows of tulips and petunias. He almost sold the farm when she was killed, but the land and the memories of

their life together there had kept him from it.

The hill was steeper than he remembered, and Sam stopped to rest for a minute on a large rock. The sun was beginning to set. It rested like a huge orange on a distant hill and threw red and orange streaks all across the land. He had better hurry if he were to find the blackberries.

That was the trouble with having to ask someone else to do the work on your land. Bushes and briars and brambles grow up in places where they shouldn't. They scratched his hands and clung to his clothing as Sam clutched at them to pull himself along. The letter fell out of his pocket and he left it where it fell. Perhaps he should sell. Hawkins could clear away these rocks and shrubs and make it into a real farm again.

Struggling for breath and perspiring freely, Sam reached the top of the hill. It had never seemed such a distance before. Had it really been a year since he had climbed a hill and looked over his land?

The blackberries should be near-by. Sam started through the tall grass to the fence. Then

he realized he hadn't brought anything to gather the berries in. Not even his hat. He leaned against a gnarled oak tree and closed his eyes to rid himself of the dizziness the climb had produced.

The hastening twilight obscured the fence, but Sam lost interest in finding the berries. He sat down by the oak tree to rest the aching muscles of his legs and to ease the tightness in his chest before attempting the downward slope to the house.

The solitude of the country had always been pleasant to Sam. Laura had loved the quiet too. Laura wouldn't want him to leave the land. Their hills, their work, their home.

Someone was calling from the house, or was it the wind in the leaves of the oak tree? They can't make me sell, he wanted to call down to them. The deepening shadows covered up the hill and the tree. The crickets in the grass did not disturb him, and the smile on the wrinkled face was the look of a man who has just made an important decision.

—Eleanor Gullion

TO THE MAN FROM RUSSIA

Pig. With fat jowls and stubby chin.
Away from the farm, trying to be a city slicker
You polished your blue ribbon tag
And went to the city.

Unsuspecting souls. They took you for a cock.
(You didn't talk like a pig
Except for an occasional grunt.)

You forgot the taste of mud in your own mouth
Though it dripped like honey from your lips.
They tasted it in Budapest, flavored with blood
Until they learned to be content with the grass
On their side of the fence.

The man from London did not mistake
Your barnyard antics for temperament.
In New York they scoffed you and mocked you
But they did not ignore you.
Pig. You won't live forever
Why must we die in your sty?

—Eleanor Gullion

THE QUESTION

Birds prattle incessantly, high in the leafy curtains of maples and poplars. An ominous sky droops like a canopy over the late-spring afternoon. The atmosphere is pregnant with something other than the taste of rain. A damp, restless breeze sponges your face, but you feel only the dull drone of your heart, throbbing against your thoughts.

A cold sweat saturates your brow and "the question" bounds at you with audacious torment. Who are you? Angrily, you clench your fists until they are white with numbness. How many times have you asked, pleaded, and demanded "the question" of yourself? Now it possesses a stupid significance, worn threadbare by desperate insistence.

The rain comes, timidly tapping on the sidewalk at first, then sweeping with the glee of a garden hose

and finally beating down upon the park with a clattering intensity. That's right! Pound the soul to a pulpy mass! Extinguish its very existence!

You do not stir from the park bench. Instead, you grip it with tense fingers. Little rivulets of rain, masquerading as tears trickle across the planes of your face and plunge to the lap of your raincoat. But they are not tears, because you sob dryly. The first tears evaporated centuries ago with your impatient cross-examining.

Who are you? The solicitous echo bounces to the roof of overhanging branches and resounds across the rippling lake. You emit a tedious, surrendering sigh. How difficult to resign yourself to time! The rain relaxes its torrent, caressing you with softness.

—Carol Ann Rowzie

UPON GENE GRAY'S GOING

What a dusty road

ahead—your trunks and boxes:

stones I stumble on.

—Maryann Franzoni



THE LAST SNOWFALL

Sarah Hardy nestled her fragile old bones more snugly in the shawls tucked about her and sighed a tremulous sigh, not for any particular reason except that one hundred years seemed to bring many sighs, shallow breaths, and frequent naps.

She awoke with an ease given the very old, and lapsed again into memories which had been interrupted by her sudden dozing.

Sarah didn't seem to notice the big white bed, the ornate dresser cluttered with pictures and keepsakes, or even the rocker where she sat. It was a small brown comfortable rocker, padded and curved just right to receive the light burden of ancient bones within it.

Sarah sat with one gnarled hand covering the other and peered with rheumy eyes out the window into the bleak, frigid evening. Her white hair was pulled sharply back from a bony skull, into a knot at the nape of her thin neck; the toothless mouth lined and seamed with years was shapeless even when she muttered and talked to herself.

Her thoughts were not always coherent, but this evening one idea seemed to permeate her mind. She would be one hundred years old tomorrow she knew, and that was something worth living for. A whole century old. Wasn't many that could boast of that!

Weeks ago, icy torrents along with frigid gales had forced the last reluctant leaves from the trees. Now, as Sarah looked out, she saw stark naked branches swaying in obedience to the cold wind raging outside. It brought back memories of other winters. Some worse, others not so bad. There wasn't anything left to Sarah except memories. Paul and the children were gone long ago. Everybody was gone. There was just old Sarah and the Home where someone was paid to take care of her. It had been pretty lonely for awhile, but lately it just didn't seem to matter any more.

There was to be a cake tomorrow. Sarah chuckled softly as she tried to picture a cake with one hundred candles crowded on it.

Erratically, her thoughts shifted back to early fall when the attendants had carefully helped her into a wheelchair and after wrapping her warmly against the chill, had taken her out into the Home garden. She remembered smelling the toasty aroma of dried leaves blending with the frosty air. She had seen oak and maple leaves embracing indifferently on the ground forming a rustling carpet as the wheelchair rolled noisily over them.

Sarah started to doze again, but pulled herself up with an effort of will. She didn't want to sleep. She was afraid to sleep anymore. "Tomorrow," she thought, "After tomorrow I don't care. But I've got to wait until it's time. It's not time yet." she protested, feebly thrusting against an unseen thing with palsied hands.

It was pitch dark now. A chime downstairs cheerily announced eleven o'clock. With some satisfaction Sarah thought, "They forgot to put me to bed." After a long pause, "I'm just as glad. Now I can see in my century year sitting up, instead on lying helpless in that bed!" Warily she shifted her tired body to ease the old bones. She'd maintained that same position most of the day since she was too weak to move herself very much.

The minutes ticked on. "Must be getting near time." She thought triumphantly, as she fought to stay awake. Pushing a thin slippered foot to the floor, she gently rocked the chair to keep herself alert. Her foot tired quickly though, and the chair came slowly to a halt.

The clock downstairs struck the hour as Sarah's weary eyelids dropped. One-two-three, on up to twelve. "A century old" Sarah Hardy whispered. And a final sigh escaped her relaxed lips.

Outside, a tiny feathery flake drifted this way and that as it wound its way earthward. Another followed, and another. The sky was soon filled with falling flakes that settled on the carpet of fallen leaves below.

—Jean Smith

HAIKU No. 2

How cold and crystal
Were September stars. Your eyes,
When you said good-by.

—Carol Ann Rowzie

THE UNIVERSITY

The voices and footsteps vanished down the hall and Emilie bent her head again to the papers and books that covered the table on which she was studying. After the brief interruption of other students passing along the apartment corridor, Emilie forgot that she was not the only one in the world. She secluded herself in the room with her papers and ideas and did not think about the others—the outside—now. She had time to consider them later when she would really be associating with them.

This afternoon as the last musty rays of the sun flaked in through her café curtains and trains whistled in another part of the city, Emilie had time only to think about tomorrow and her class at the University. There would be the combat, she knew, between Dr. Lars and herself. It would not be the usual inner conflict this time, she had decided. Tomorrow she would prove that he was wrong. Wrong for her. Wrong for the students. And wrong for the University. She would expose his attempts to warp their minds. She would tear away the veil he had spun over their thoughts as if she were destroying a spider web.

For two more hours, until the clock hands pointed to seven, she studied and arranged her arguments. She lined up her proof in neat little pigeonholes in the brain under her taffy-colored hair. Tomorrow, tomorrow she must not fail.

The next morning she took the bus the five blocks to the University. She needed the objectivity of a bus ride instead of a subjective walk, to prolong her self-organization. At eight, the sun was shining, but it was distant and somehow cold—as cold as the naked December tree limbs. Little snow birds flitted and scooted along the walk where Emilie got off the bus. She looked up at the building, at the third floor, her class room. Three pigeons huddled along the window sill sneaking warmth from each other.

Emilie let out her breath in a long billow of vapor and went in the big doors. She was early and alone when she reached the classroom. Instead of reading her notes, she peered out of the window at the city's towers and buildings and at all the little puppet-people on the street below.

As the students filtered into the classroom, Emilie sat down in her chair. She sat on the front row next to the windows, opposite the door through which Dr. Lars would enter. She breathed deeply and clamped her jaws shut. Her chest trembled with the air before she breathed it out.

Dr. Lars strode through the open door, shutting it behind him, and squeezing out the commotion of students rushing to other classes. He marched robot-like to his desk, disregarding Emilie and the others. She snatched the moment to study him. If she could only find a clue to his personality. There must be one—a clever, scheming one—behind that mask-face. His straight-line mouth looked as if he had just finished a successful debate and there

was nothing more to say. His thick gray-streaked hair waved back from a tanned forehead and a gray-streaked mustache paralleled his straight-line mouth. Stony gray eyes—to match his hair—stared straight ahead. Emilie could not penetrate them. How unnerving it was not to be able to pinpoint his motives. She had tried to analyze him since the first of the semester. Whether or not her assumptions now were correct, she had to act upon what she knew, before it was too late.

Dr. Lars ran his finger down the roll, drumming out each name. Her own name rang in her ears long after he had called it and she had answered. She knew he was watching her, studying her. Soon he would look at her, his stare cutting into her face as if he could sow his ideas into her brain and plow them under permanently.

She noticed the other students copying his notes. Long ago she had decided to write down every word, however violently she protested. You could not fight something by running away. You had to study it from the exterior into its hidden soul. That was how she had studied his lectures. But the other students copied word-for-word, because they thought this was a class you had to pass by reiterating the professor's exact ideas. That was the extent of their thinking. Their eyes drooped as they put down each sentence to memorize. They were sluggish this morning. But they had to wake up! They had to think!

Emilie listened to his notes. He supported Centralization. Decisions should be left to higher authorities. Economics and politics should be so intertwined (his fist on the table) that a government would have no weak places. Everything must be unified! And organized! "Production for use and not for profit," he quoted, would assure no loopholes. She squirmed in her seat.

"Dr. Lars!" she burst into his lecture. "I beg to differ with you. The implications of what you advocate are much wider than any central organization, equality, or wasteless production, and every student in this class should realize these implications! They reach beyond your cut and dried paper and pencil theories. They concern every living individual and the rights to which he is entitled!"

He glared at her, eyes narrowed. His face puffed up and got ready to explode his next words, but it didn't. Sleeping students perked up as if the bell had rung. The room was suddenly so quiet that Emilie could hear people shuffling by in the halls and cars stopping and starting on the streets below. He saw them, all of them, around him, watching him, waiting. Dr. Lars nodded shortly in Emilie's direction and spoke in little ice cubes, "Miss McNamara, this is not a philosophy course and I do not have the time to expound on philosophical implications."

His iciness clipped her off from further argument and he launched into his lecture, his voice drowning any other sound. Emilie could stand it no longer. She broke in, "Sir, it is not the community

that is important. It is the individual. He is the essence of society. The society is created for him and not him for the society. The warrant of a social system is that a man should fulfill his potential and exploit his talents!" She stammered on her last words, but nevertheless, her voice had rolled clearly and boldly again into his lecture.

"An interesting point, Miss McNamara, however . . ." And on he went, carefully weaving together the broken strands of his lecture with a vague smile. A kindly smile! She knew it was a smirk. If he could not defeat her one way, he would try another. So he would ignore her! So he would simply not argue with her! Then she would begin her argument and out-talk him.

"Sir, the community cannot dominate the individual. It must not! You would have a slave society. A variety of economic sources will insure many freedoms—civil, intellectual, political and, yes, religious. A community-welfare state will be fatal for the individual. He will be stifled and condemned—a slave to mass production. Why must we have 'production for use and not profit'? Why must a man's motive for working be for the need or gain of others? Must the society have to justify all his actions and thoughts before he is allowed to practice and think them? Aren't his own goals, desires, and happinesses important?"

She stopped to swallow. The sides of her throat scraped. Forty pairs of eyes stared at her from behind and a single pair of ash-gray eyes burned into the front of her.

"How free are we, even if freedom exists for a society, if we are tied to our fellows? Hasn't a man rights which no other man, system, or god can take away? The right to exist? The right to think? The right to call himself I instead of a WE?"

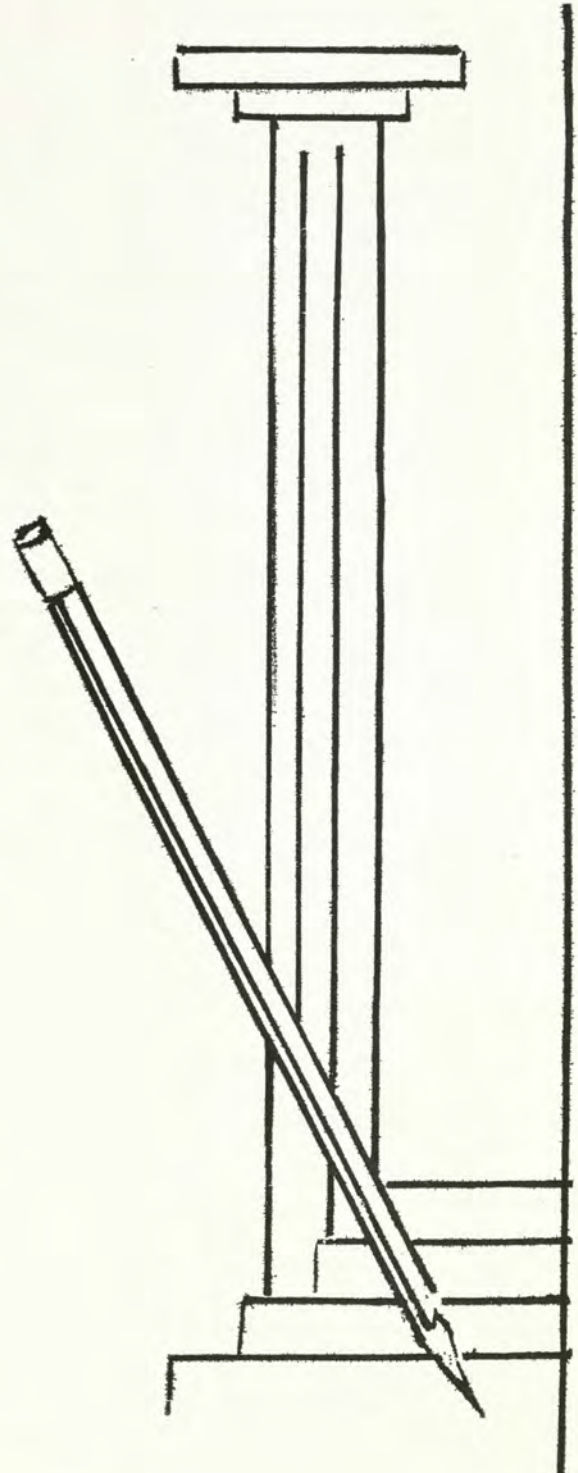
There, she had blasted his precious theories, and she had so much more to say. The class murmured restlessly, getting louder and louder. Dr. Lars' mouth twisted and he prepared to storm at them. A young man in the third row coughed, cleared his throat, and began "Sir, if we lose the dignity of the individual by considering it more imperative to pool our resources of thoughts, invention, and successes for the common good, then we have failed. We have failed some . . . some universal force!"

There was John Austen, backing her up, slightly unsure of himself, but feeling something. At least he was taking a stand—thinking, himself. Students began talking to each other. Murmurs became distinct opinions. How many others were also thinking this moment, really thinking, not blindly repeating notes? How many others were realizing a new power?

Today was the beginning—not the end. Now Dr. Lars was ready to speak, a raging furnace inside, with hot coals and devouring flames. He would trample her. He would. But Emilie was young and John was young. They had the power to think and the growing power to speak.

Emilie glanced to the window and saw the last thin fog breaking away from the city skyline. Strong sunlight beamed through the window glass and Emilie noticed for the first time the chill bumps on her arm. How warm the sun felt.

—Carol Rowzie



ONE ACRE

Luther Burby scratched his balding head and hitched up one sagging overall strap. The hot July sun beat down on the little one-room cabin until it felt like an oven to Luther. He took a large red handkerchief from his overalls pocket and mopped his forehead. In the corner beside Luther's old cot, the mongrel Queenie nursed five squirming puppies. A single locust sawed a song in the pine tree. One old Dominecker hen had made a nest in the yard, and clouds of dust rose into the air as she fluffed her feathers and settled herself. Luther had only one hen and one rooster. The rooster woke him every morning promptly at 5:00, and he always got right up. There wasn't much for a man like him to do when he had only one acre of land and lived by himself, but he still got up.

Luther was proud of his one acre, for when he was young he had worked as a handyman to Mr. Robbins, the owner of the general store, for ten years before he was able to save enough money to buy this little plot of ground for himself. He still did odd jobs in exchange for most of his supplies from Mr. Robbins, but he had a turnip patch behind the cabin. Every morning after breakfast, he would go out and hoe his turnips before the sun got hot. Weeds never had a chance to grow in Luther's garden.

On the morning of July 2, Luther didn't hoe his turnips because he was too disturbed. The week before, he had gotten an important-looking letter from the general store post office. Mr. Robbins had read it to him. It was from the government, Mr. Robbins had said. They were sending a man out to talk to Mr. Luther Burby on July 2. Mr. Robbins said he knew it was about the new highway that was supposed to run through the county, because he'd gotten a letter that day too. He had mumbled something about losing some of his land as he puttered around, dusting shelves and straightening cans.

Since he had gotten that letter, Luther hadn't been able to think of anything else. He had lived in the same simple way almost all his life, and the thought of changing now was more than he could bear.

Promptly at noon on July 2, a shiny black car turned into the yard and stopped at the front door. A slick, important-looking man carefully picked his way through the dusty nests Luther's hen had made and knocked on the door. Luther shuffled to the door as fast as his wobbly legs would take him and stared at the man.

"Mr. Burby? My name is Mr. Barlow. I'm here to talk to you on government business." Luther ushered Mr. Barlow into the cabin.

"It can wait. It can wait. I bet yer thirsty. Wal, I got a little brew here." And Luther handed Mr. Barlow a cup of the tea he had been steeping all morning. Mr. Barlow took a sip, coughed violently,

and ran to the front door to spit out the tea. When he returned, Luther looked surprised.

"Guess you don't keer much fer tea?"

"Oh, no. It's delicious tea, Mr Burby. . . ."

"Luther."

". . . Luther, but I swallowed it too quickly and choked." Nevertheless, he set his cup on the table. "But to get down to the reason I am here," he began.

"I've got some mighty good turnips you should try."

Mr. Barlow shook his head and began again. "Now, Luther, the government is planning to run a super highway through this county; and, unfortunately, it will cut across your land. The government is prepared to pay you handsomely for your land, and you'll have plenty of time to make arrangements to move in with relatives or friends."

Luther looked at the floor. His mouth was quivering and he blinked his eyes rapidly; and Mr. Barlow cleared his throat. "But like I said, you'll have plenty of time to find somewhere else to stay."

"There ain't a somewhere else," Luther mumbled. "Nowhere. I got no relatives 'cept Queenie. An' she don't count, I guess."

"Then surely you have friends."

Luther thought a minute, then nodded his head. "Yep, I got one friend. Mr. Robbins. But he's got nine young 'uns an' hardly enough room fer them. I couldn't ask him to put me up. Guess there's no place else I could go."

Mr. Barlow frowned. "Well, Luther, you do have a problem. Of course with the money the government pays you, you could buy another little farm somewhere else."

Luther's eyes brightened. "That would do, I guess, but I do hate to let my one little acre go. It's been home a long time."

"One acre? Did you say one acre? Why, Luther, you couldn't buy much of anything with the money from one acre."

Luther's face fell again. Mr. Barlow looked at his shoes a long time. "Well, the government would find you a place somewhere. There are new apartment houses in town."

"I couldn't live all cramped up in no little apartment after bein' out in the open all my life. Besides, what could I do fer a livin'?" Luther hoped desperately that he could somehow persuade Mr. Barlow to let him stay. But he knew he was silly, and if the government wanted his land, they'd get it. He wouldn't have any chance against that big government up there in Washington. They always got what they wanted. Luther had heard about a man across the state line who didn't want to sell his land to the government, and they got it anyway.

Mr. Robbins would have to lose some of his land, too.

"You could be a janitor in one of the apartment houses, Luther. That wouldn't be hard work, and your rent would probably be less, too."

Luther jabbed the woodbox viciously with the stove poker. Then letting the poker slip into the box, he sighed. After a few moments, he spoke. "Well, I guess I'll have to go. Shore do hate to leave my acre, though."

After Mr. Barlow left, Luther looked around his cabin. He really saw for the first time everything he had just been looking at for years: the sagging windows, the potbellied stove, two rickety chairs, his shabby cot. Luther cried without shame.

He moved to town that winter. He didn't pack much, for he had little to take with him. The apartment house was new and smelled of plaster and wood, but Luther didn't mind that. However, the building was hemmed in by two others just like it, and Luther couldn't see the sun or the fields or even a patch of woods. All he could see was a brick wall.

He didn't like his apartment, either. The furniture was stiff and modern, and he couldn't get used to forced air heat. But worst of all were the walls—high, white, bare walls surrounding him. The first night in the apartment, Luther dreamed that he was hemmed in by glaring white walls and that he couldn't get out. During the day, his job didn't take as much time as he had thought it would, and he spent most of his time wandering around the apartment, thinking about his cabin and wishing he were there again.

Luther was lonely. The landlord had told him that no dogs were allowed in the apartments, so he had given Queenie to Mr. Robbins. She'd be in fine hands; and besides, she would be scared of the white walls, too, if she had to live in the apartment.

Mr. Robbins, remembering Luther's taste for turnips, would often send him a bag of them, but he never knew that Luther threw them into the garbage without bothering to open the bag.

—Carolyn Huffman

When that sweet sweep of the sickle comes,
Let it cut this stalk short
In one sharp swing
While the sap is standing high.

—Maryann Franzoni

ON THE MATING OF FIREFLIES

The woods are sparked with flying bonfires
Of luminescence bright.
But two bugs parked in leaf-solitude are
Clicking out the light.

—Sandra Hepp

THE GRAPE

Well, now how would you like it if everyone signed your autograph dog "To the only girl who eats from trees" or "To the only girl I know who can wade across the ocean without getting her knees wet." I mean how would that look fifty years from now when your grandchildren go climbing up the attic steps to get to Gramma's trinkets. Or what if you were in a department store with a male friend and some man comes up and asks you if you've ever played basketball. Basketball, mind you, not if you've ever danced in Las Vegas or been in a beauty contest, but basketball! Or what if the big event of your life was arriving, your high school graduation, and you had to drag along at the end of the line after sixty short girls with everyone calling you "Mamma after her brood." I mean, it does rather spoil the occasion.

Everyone likes to be tall, at least, that's what they say, but what if you were six feet tall! For the first ten years of my life, I didn't know if I was human or giraffe. Now I'm sure . . . giraffe! And who wants to take a giraffe to the senior prom, I ask you? Our school is very short of zoo keepers. It's mostly full of boys who like girls, which is the way it happens after sixth grade, but they not only like girls, they like short girls. Like I said, I'm six feet tall so I'm not even buying a dress.

What's so disgusting about the whole thing is that I spent my whole senior year trying to shrink to "prom" size. At night, I'd close my eyes and pretend I was a grape about to shrivel up into a 5' 2" raisin, but in the morning I was still a grape six feet tall. Or sometimes I wouldn't drink anything for days trying to dehydrate, but that didn't work either so I went back to milk.

At first, I didn't know why boys didn't date me much, but then someone told me they like to feel secure and who can feel secure when the girl he's with only has to drop her eyes to tell whether he's parted his hair straight or not? And sometimes boys like to get rakish and kiss a girl goodnight, but they like to kiss a girl they can reach! At first, I'd wait in the yard and let the boy stand on the porch, but, you know how guys are when they're just learning things. They have to do everything exactly right, and everyone says you kiss a girl good night at the door not while she's standing in the front yard and you're on the porch. So there we'd stand saying "Goodnight . . . goodnight . . . goodnight" like a stuck record until my father would finally poke his head out of the window and ask us to turn it over. (My father's a great joker. He thinks.) Anyway, I quit waiting in the yard and no one has reached me yet.

Almost all the girls at school have been asked to the prom already. I say almost, because there is one girl who hasn't been asked besides me, but she's engaged to a boy in the army so that's not really much consolation. Anyway all the girls are

excited and I am, too. Only it's different. They're excited about what color dress to wear, and I'm excited about how much crepe paper to hang, because some sadist put me in charge of decorations. How's that for a break? I mean, it's not like I planned the inaugural ball or something. Anybody but anybody can tape up paper for creeps sake. But, I guess not anybody can reach where to tape up paper and that's where I come in. Being six feet tall, I have so many talents like taping paper, and changing light bulbs and seeing over girls in the lavatory mirrors. But who wants to be talented? Most of the time I just want to make like a balloon and blow up. And I probably would have by now if it weren't for my mother. She keeps saying things like "Don't worry" and "There's still plenty of time" and anything else she happened to pick up from one of her psychology magazines. (She subscribes to ten.) But you know, I think maybe she's right. She must know what she's talking about. After all she married my father and he's seven feet tall!

—Sandra Hepp

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Riffling, rippling, trickling by,
Hesitant, slowing—a rock reared high.
Splashing, crashing, racing along
Thoughts all around me
Thoughts surround me
Thoughts astound me
Thoughts my mind cannot deny.

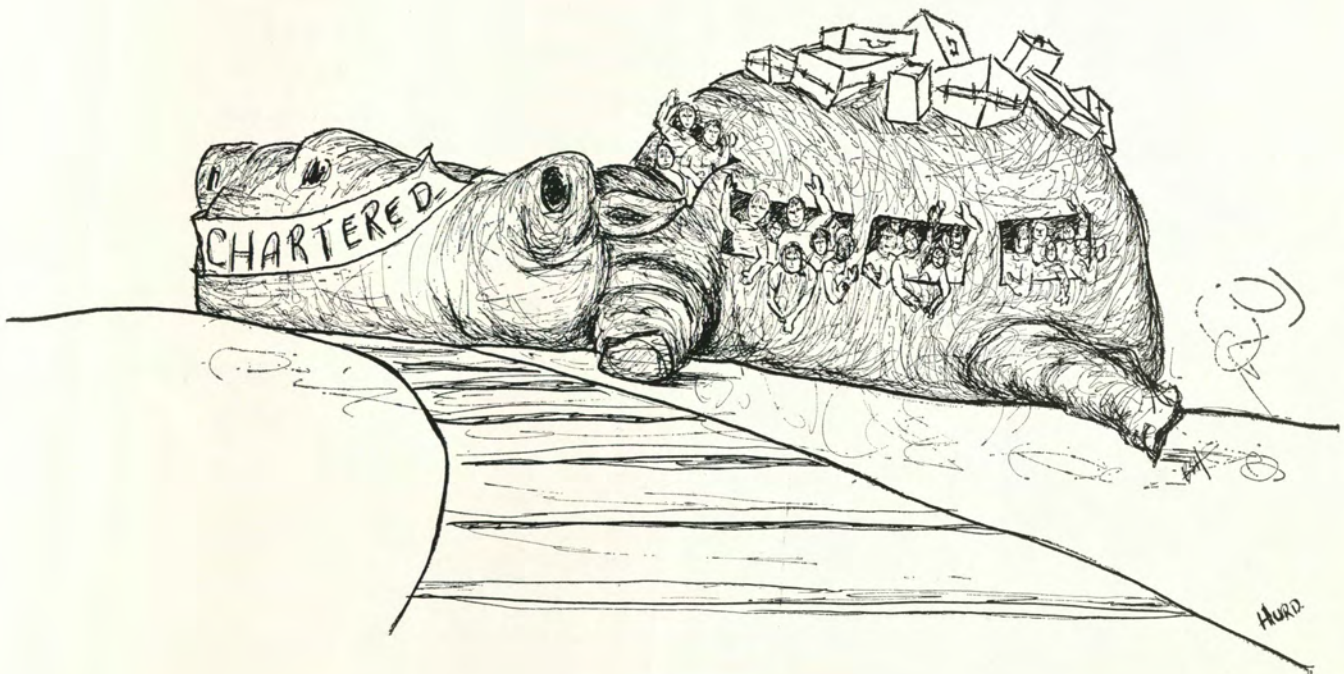
Whirling, swirling, gurgling through,
Lapping, slapping, running too.
Streaming, careening, charging by,
Thoughts all around me
Thoughts surround me
Thoughts confound me
Forever around me until I die.

—Jean Smith

CHARTERED BUS

The hippo ahead,
Bloated with girls and luggage,
Belches to a stop.
Then,
Bowels rumbling,
It waddles across the railroad tracks.

—Maryann Franzoni

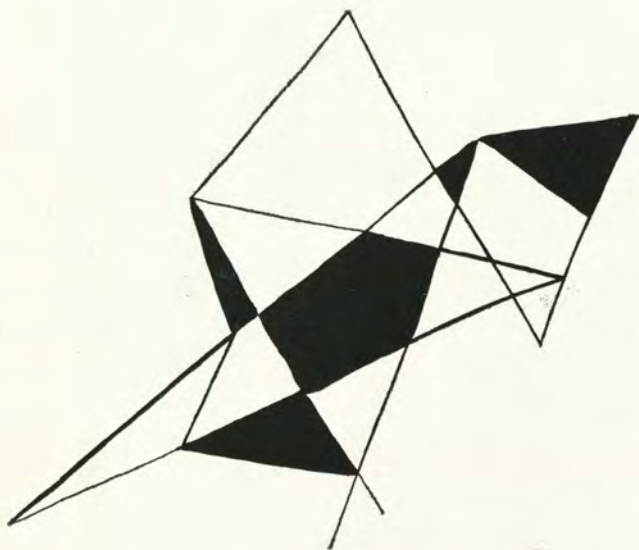


SONNET 3

The stained glass window glows
 (light passes through)
And by its beauty one is closer led
To see the piercing hue of scorching red
Combine with royal warmth of brilliant blue.
While moving nearer for a closer view
I stopped and thought and then abruptly said,
"It's true. No window is the same. I've read
One piece of glass is like no other two."

The pastor smiled and gestured with his hand,
And then he said, "You stand where you but see
The imperfection of the window's art.
Stand over here and you will understand
That from a distance flaws will cease to be—
That is the message from the Maker's heart."

—Charlotte Wootten



NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Senior ELEANOR GULLION, an English major, has a preference for writing poetry, but she also likes to write short stories. Free verse is her favorite form. JOANNE F. MAY, a sophomore English major, has been writing since 1956. She has recently completed her fourth novel, *THE FOUR WINDS*. CHARLOTTE WOOTTEN writes poetry for her own enjoyment. The reason she gives for turning to poetry is "it leaves more room for thought." CAROLYN HUFFMAN, who has written poetry since her sophomore year in high school, likes poetry and prose equally. When she was in the fourth grade, she wrote and illustrated a book of fairy tales. EDD COOKE won a one-week, expenses-paid trip to Florida last month in a contest sponsored by the National Tobacco Distributors. AMERICAN GIRL published one of CAROL ANN ROWZIE'S stories in 1960. JEAN SMITH is a married day student. Her own experiences have been the basis for many of her short stories. PAT BOTKIN, a graduate student in Home Economics, is currently taking night courses at Madison. This is her second year of contributing to *CHRYSLIS*. SANDRA HEPP claims she has an "in" with "one of the nine" (muses). She was campus correspondent for the *RICHMOND TIMES DISPATCH*. JEANETTE BEAMER, a freshman chemistry major, was a feature writer for her high school newspaper. MARYANN FRANZONI was a winner in a national short story contest in high school. "Megan" is her first published short story.

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